

SKIN DIVER

MAGAZINE

35c
JANUARY
1958

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Riviera Holiday

By DOUG HINTON

(Stationed in Germany)

Having returned from two weeks of diving along the French Riviera, I would like to heap further praise on L'Ecole de Plongée (School of Diving) situated in Nice and operated by two very colorful Frenchmen, André Portelatine and Edouard Allemand. After scrabbling about on muddy-bottomed lakes and rivers in Canada for three years, it was a thrilling experience to descend below the blue Mediterranean where the topography and marine life defies adequate description.

L'Ecole de Plongée confines most of its activities to the Baie de Villefranche and Cap Ferrat areas where the bottom quickly drops away in a truly spectacular fashion so that 160 feet is reached no more than fifty yards offshore. Diving parties go out morning and afternoon in the tourist season, however I would advise early October as the best time. Though a bit more expensive (3000 francs or \$7.00 per outing) due to the ebb of the tourist trade, the pros have more time to devote to the individual and more important, one has a greater opportunity to get to know André, Edouard, René and the rest more personally. And that is a very rewarding experience, I assure you. The morning party leaves about ten and is back by noon. Just by coincidence, the restaurant two doors down from L'Ecole offers some of the best food in Nice.

L'Ecole supplies all the latest equipment and plenty of it. Regulators used are the famous French Mistral one-stage type. The only equipment that isn't supplied, for obvious reasons, is rubber suits, so bring your own as it gets a bit chilly at fifty meters after ten minutes. All the French divers down there are wearing neoprene wet suits which are both warm enough and easy enough to put on in the crowded confines of the launch. I also advise buying a net bag and hand adze for collecting souvenirs of your trip.

Each dive ranged from twenty minutes to half an hour and most of the time was spent at 140-160 feet. André will take you deeper than 200 feet provided you know your business and provided there aren't too many clients to

demand his attentions. Excellent instruction is available for the novitiate and on the third dive, the junior marksman is escorted to the one hundred foot mark. My chum accompanied the rest of us to 120 feet on the first dive of his life.

Each dive was conducted in a different locale. No sharks were spotted, ladies, however we encountered the inevitable morays, scorpion fish, mérins and small octopi. On the fifth and hundreds of Medusas, a stinging jellyfish similar to but smaller than the Portuguese Man o' War, put in an unexpected appearance, however no one came to grief and the next day the sea was not a trace of them. On two different occasions we discovered Greek amphoras 2000 years old and on another we brought up a Roman anchor. The whole dive was spent exploring a beautiful grotto in the Baie de Villefranche.

The end of each dive was always climaxed by a hearty meal of urchins, violet oysters and—yes, course—French wine, courtesy of the management. Those of you who would like further information, drop a line to M. André Portelatine, L'Ecole de Plongée, 14 Quai des Docks, Nice (Alpes Maritimes) France.

Both André and Edouard speak good English and will arrange accommodations for their clients in Nice, if desired.

Incidentally, I managed to catch Dimitri Rebikoff between his jaunts around the world and accompanied him to the wreck of a German munition ship sunk during the war in 120 feet of water. We explored the ship which was full of bombs and shells and while posing beside a machine gun on the deck, Rebikoff shot some footage from his highly maneuverable underwater torpedo.

Finally, the Riviera is expensive. You hit the hot spots and live in the Negresco Hotel, you'll wonder where all those francs went so fast. We camped out for two weeks, had a whale of a time and came home with a golden tan and only \$150.00 poorer. Then again if you can afford a trip to Europe from Stateside, you are likely the well-heeled type anyway so the preceding few phrases won't apply. ■

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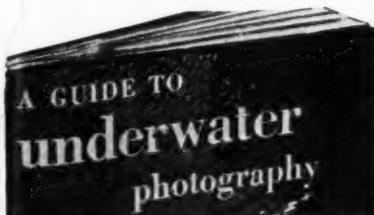
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SKIN DIVER MAGAZINE

LYNWOOD, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

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cover

FEB 5 1971

Attention Southern California Girls—if you are interested in diving and meeting other girls interested in the same sport we would like to see you at our next meeting to be held at Kate Miller's home, 3001 Stanford Ave., Venice, California, on January 7, 7:30 p.m. If you need transportation or more information call Hollywood 5-9029.

Photography Credits omitted in the December issue of SD. "We Pumped All the Way", pages 16 and 17, photographs by Julius Siddon . . . also "Philadelphia Water Safety Carnival", page 15, photographs by Jules Schick. We regret these oversights and will strive to do better in future issues.

California Abalone season closes January 14, 1958.

Competitive Skin Diving Committee of the S.P.A.A.U. meeting will be held on January 8 at 7600 Graham Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., in Roosevelt Park. Skin Diving clubs are requested to send representatives.

January 2, 1958 . . . Television show "I Search For Adventure" will feature Homer Lockwood and Chuck Peterson and films from their exciting Mexican trip to Las Tres Maris.

New Permanent Address for the California Council of Diving Clubs is P. O. Box 128, Lynwood, California.

Heli-Diver Dan Danison balances precariously on the copter pontoon just before making a head first dive to the troubled waters below on a simulated mission. Santa Monica (Calif.) Douglas Aircraft division Heli-Divers are seconds away from aircraft testing grounds over the Pacific and can arrive at a disaster scene, ditched test pilot, plane wreck, shipboard illness, etc., in time to save victims from long exposure to the elements or death from untreated injuries. Copter pilot is Bert Foulds, originator of Heli-Divers at Douglas.



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This page was originally conceived as a guide and service to the traveling water enthusiast, the listings here of compressed air provide a quick reference for divers of where they may purchase masks, fins, repairs and other equipment. All readers are urged to patronize these dealers and mention that they saw their listing in Skin Diver. The dealers on this page, to the best of our knowledge, have clean pure air available for use in underwater breathing apparatus.

Other dealers around the country are invited to join this department, the rates are reasonable and the page serves a triple purpose: it brings visiting divers into your store; places your name and address before the diving public each month; and is the most economical method of advertising your diving establishment in Skin Diver.

LETTERS

... I am a constant reader of the SD and must say it is tops. I find if I go through it again and again I still find it interesting. I would like to correspond with fellow divers who know the location or approximate location of sunken ships or boats in the Great Lakes area.

Robert Gramiak
S.S.R.O. Petman
Lock #8, Port Colborne
Ontario, Canada

... Recently while diving near Corona del Mar, Calif., I found an unusual spark plug. It is a "Mosler Spit Fire", dated March 6, 1917 - Feb. 19, 1918. It is encrusted with molten metal, a little coral and a small stone. The plug is in amazingly good condition and not completely covered with growth I have an idea that it may have come from a wrecked vessel in that region.

Could any of the SD readers give me any ideas or clues to wrecks in that region.

F. L. Hogarth
1517 N. Spring
Compton, California

... Would appreciate hearing from skin divers stationed in Korea regarding places to dive. I am located in Seoul but have not

found any readily accessible places with good diving conditions. Please write any available info to:

Austin S. Myers, Jr.
USA Engr. Dist. Far East
APO 301
San Francisco, California

... I am fifteen years old and very interested in diving. Here where I live I don't get time to do much diving during the winter so during the summer time I have to get in all my diving for the whole year.

When I graduate from high school I intend to study oceanography. Therefore this coming summer I would like to get some kind of a job where I could learn a little about oceanography. What I was thinking of was maybe working at an oceanography institution doing something or helping someone in his own work, that way I could learn a lot. I plan to go to Scripps Institution. My ambition to study the sea is something I feel very strongly about.

If anyone can help me or knows anyone I can write to I surely would appreciate a letter from you.

Cam McCoy
768 Greely Dr., Hillwood
Nashville 9, Tenn.

... Anyone in the Eastern part of the United States who has any information as to the whereabouts of a plastic tank, large enough for people to exhibit themselves in, a tank for rental, please contact:

B. V. Bruno
47 Brunswick Ave.
Metuchen, New Jersey
Phone: Liberty 8-9220

"MORE EAR PROBLEMS"

In reading the November issue of the SD I came across the article on "Ear Problem" by Edward Kompass. I also have been diving for quite a few years. Last August while diving in a local lake I surfaced to find my left ear with almost complete deafness and a high pitch ringing sound.

Thinking it was only water I did not worry about it. But after waiting a week with no improvement I decided to consult a specialist. Like Mr. Kompass he cleaned my sinus cavities and probed through the eustachian tube with a needle. He also told me that I had an air pocket in the eustachian tube and that it would go away shortly, he then gave me nose drops to use. After using the drops for about two weeks there still was no improvement so I stopped using the drops and tried waiting again. After another two weeks my hearing slowly returned to where it is now. I can hear from the ear, but still have a slight muffled sound and the high pitched ringing.

I am sure that my ear problem and the ear problem of Mr. Kompass is quite the same. If there are any divers who know a cure for alleviate dullness and ringing. Mr. Kompass and myself would be very grateful in hearing from this person.

Robert H. Martin
R.D. #1, Trailwood
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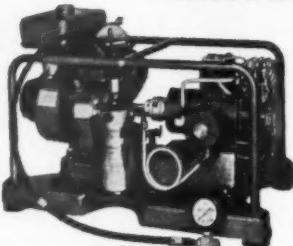
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David C. Parks, representative of Cummins Diesel Export Corporation in the Middle East, is well qualified to comment on the reliability of Cornelius Compressors. He has a high regard for the quality of Cornelius products based on actual experience in many locations. Mr. Parks is shown here with his Jordanian boatman on a recent trip to the Gulf of Aqaba.

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A RARE SHELL

By JOHN Q. BURCH



Cottonia nodiplicata (Cox.) This shell was trawled in fairly deep water off the coast of southwest Australia, and has attracted interest recently by the fact that a specimen commanded a price of \$201.00 at the Buttonwood Farm Shell Auction, Sept. 14, 1957. It is an extremely rare shell, and as a matter of fact I refused an offer for the specimen pictured here that was substantially more than the auction price. However, size and perfection combined with accurate locality data determine the value in most cases. We have had but three specimens in many years of dealing in fine shells. This species attains a size of fifteen inches or more, and is a very attractive shell as well.

However, the character of greatest interest to the serious student of mollusks is the nucleus. At first glance the apex of the shell would appear to be broken off. All collectors are advised never to take a broken shell, and there is the story of one diver who brought up a fine specimen of *Cottonia*, and thinking it broken, promptly threw it back overboard much to the distress of all concerned later. The explanation of this type of nucleus or protoconch is a little involved but may be of interest to some. The larva of this mollusk is clothed with a cuticular or horny protoconch. Later on, but while still in the ovicapsule, the deposition of limy matter begins as a slender cone or elevated point along the line of the axis of the protoconch, and as the larva grows the posterior part of the mantle secretes a shelly dome. Being thus cut off from the horny protoconch, the latter falls into shreds and is lost. The nucleus of the larva then presents a slightly irregular dome, with a slender point rising from the apical part. This is known as the Caricella type of protoconch. ➤

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California Abalone Skin Divers Under Fire!

Homer Lockwood, President of the California Council of Diving Clubs, has received a warning from the California Dept. of Fish and Game that severe curtailment or outright prohibition of the taking of abalone in Northern California may result from the reprehensible practices of some skin divers in the Humboldt and Mendocino counties.

The specific charges are that a few skilled divers will take a number of limits of the succulent shell fish to fill out the licenses of novice divers and their wives, and then throw a chowder party on the beach. They are also being charged by the shore fishermen with cleaning out certain areas of all abalone.

There is also a report, but no details, of a pitched battle being fought between the shore abalone fish-

ermen and the skin divers at Shelter Cove in Northern California. It seems that there are always a few potato-heads who by their irresponsible actions bring discredit on a whole group, and the sportsmen are up in arms over the matter.

Immediate steps will have to be taken by diving clubs and individual divers in the area to correct this situation. The Council suggests that you contact your local rod and reel club and talk to the members about skin diving. A selling job will have to be done, and the individual violators, whether cited by the warden or not, will have to be brought in line. The generally fine reputation of skin diving in California is in jeopardy by this action, and it is not impossible for restrictions such as in Florida and New York to be imposed in California. ■

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2493 ATLANTIC AVENUE

Douglas Heli-Divers



Three minutes after the emergency alert is given Heli-Diver Danison boards the copter at the Santa Monica Douglas plant.



The bell 47-G helicopter has a 200 h.p. Franklin engine, carries 43 gallons of gasoline for a three hour range and has a lifting capacity of 550 pounds. The large pontoons are inflated with 1½ pounds of pressure.

The Fancy Dan's who do a double flip off the high board are pikers compared to the Heli-Divers from the Santa Monica Division of the Douglas Aircraft Co. Their board is the pontoon of the company's helicopter and the pool is the blue, choppy Pacific.

The company's air-sea rescue program has been augmented by what probably can be described as the world's first Heli-Diver Squadron. Members who were recruited from throughout the plant are all experienced divers with professional swimming and life-saving background. The diver squadron leader is Bob Johnson, foreman in the tooling section of the plant. Other divers with Bob Johnson are H. Tribble, R. E. Martley, L. W. Danison, W. A. Hartung, Jr., R. N. Allen, Chuck Sturgill and L. W. Stone.

These men are on an on-call basis 24 hours of the day whether at work or at home. Usually there is always one diver at the plant available for rescue. In event of an emergency at sea, the diver would be transported by helicopter to the scene, where he would plunge into the water to aid the victim or victims until surface craft arrive.

While the program is primarily a precautionary measure for the company's own aircraft testing program which is done mostly over the ocean, it is available to the community. Douglas chief pilot Bert Foulds and C. O. Boulware, chief of the plant protection, are in charge of coordinating the program, when called by the Santa Monica Police Department or Sheriff's Arrow Squadron.

Each one of the eight divers has gone through numerous wet-runs of which new techniques were developed with each trial. The Bell 47-G, pontoon equipped two-place copter, has special merits for this type of rescue with a short diameter 42 ft. blade for landing in restricted areas, near rocks, piers, boats, etc.

With a small copter, balance is of major importance and presented the main problem—how to get the diver out of the copter without any excessive unbalance to the aircraft. The best and safest method for man and aircraft has been for the diver to swing around from his position beside the pilot, place one foot on the pontoon and without standing, fall in a forward head-first dive to the water below. About the time the diver enters the water, an inflated life raft is dropped from the copter or a supporting Navion near the downed pilot. While the diver is searching for or aiding the pilot, the copter uses the airstream to push the raft toward the diver and victim. A person in a sea disaster might easily be injured and need aid in reaching the life raft. Life and death could easily be in the hands of the diver as he brings the victim to the safety of the raft where first aid can be given.

Certainly, the Douglas Aircraft Company's Heli-Diver Program will be picked up across the nation and among other aircraft companies as a guide in minute-man rescue in stream, lake and ocean. ➤

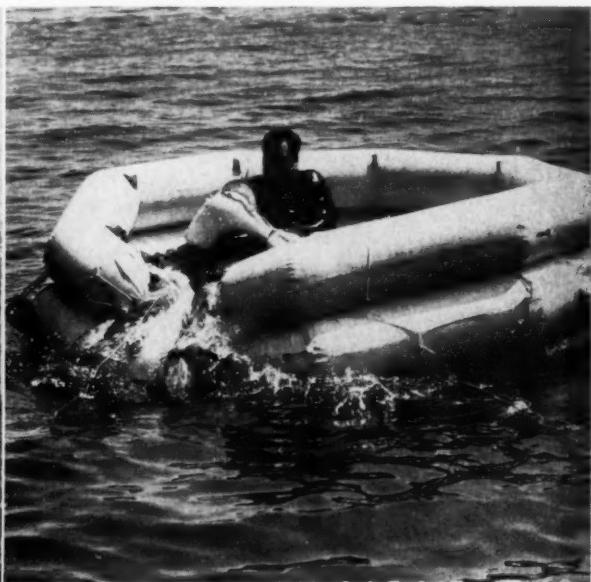


The copter arrives at the trouble scene, hovers near the victim, and the diver jumps in to render aid. All this action can take place within seven minutes after the first call is given if the accident occurs in a five mile radius of the plant. The Heli-Diver is equipped with full skin diving gear, fins, mask, exposure suit, plus a knowledge of first aid methods.

Dan Danison and the other Heli-Divers are full time employees of Douglas, working in various departments of the huge plant, and are week end skin divers with many waterwise years of experience to draw on. The Heli-Divers are on call 24 hours. Coordinator Bob Johnson stated: "Although we have the best of rescue equipment and have drilled the team to split second performance we are happy that the unit has never been called for a Douglas air-sea tragedy."

Once the diver is in the water he swims to the victim as the copter drops the large life raft to the water. The copter then uses its rotor downdraft to push the raft to the diver and victim.

Danison pulls the unfortunate, yet fortunate, test pilot into the raft where he will render first aid and comfort until the surface craft arrives to make the pickup.



END OF THE

RAINBOW

EDITORS SECOND REPORT ON LA PAZ



Are you looking for such a land? One with tall cool drinks, balmy evenings, warm smiling faces, dancing girls and warm caressing breezes? This rainbow land has long, sweeping beaches that end at rugged rocky points tumbled into the ocean from surrounding mountains by an ancient earth upheaval. We have found such a place and within an economical distance of Los Angeles, San Diego, or El Paso, or any other area in the southwestern United States.

La Paz!

After thoroughly examining the city of La Paz and abundant waters of the region in the summer of 1956 the brass of "Skin Diver" and their happy crew again made the short trip from Los Angeles to the airport at Tijuana and headed straight for the Trans Mar de Cortez Airlines ticket desk. Arrangements were made, Customs passed, and the fish-happy group of four boarded the Trans Mar DC-3 for the land of the rainbow . . . La Paz, B.C., California.

The pot of gold country lies near the tip of Baja but well within the waters of the Gulf of California. From this base of operations a fishing party may easily reach any of the famous fishing holes of the elite: La Paz Bay, Espiritu Santo, Rancho Buena Vista, Las Cruces and others in the Gulf; Cabo San Lucas and San Jose del Cabo on the tip of Baja; or Todos Santos on the Pacific side of Lower California. All of the

necessary transportation can be located in La Paz for any extended side trips. Small aircraft, trucks, taxis, small boats and cruisers, all are available at reasonable rates.

We were quartered in the beautiful La Perla Hotel facing the bay in La Paz and as the accommodations were extremely comfortable there we didn't take any of the overnight sojourns to the reputable heavy fishing regions of the surrounding waters. We were satisfied with a full day of diving, a nonchalant trip back to the hotel each afternoon, then to a refreshing shower and inviting sheets. We can't say too much about the welcome atmosphere of the La Perla after a salty day of chasing fish and a dusty road generously sprinkled with melon sized tire busters and shadowed by looming cactus. The La Perla is conveniently located a short half block from the boat dock which makes things easier when packing piles of diving gear to and from the boat.

Although we have never stayed in any of the other hotels in La Paz we unhesitatingly recommend the La Perla for cuisine, comfortability and hospitality. In short, it's the best for divers.

Our diving consisted of one day trips to nearby fish populated bays, and boat trips to the large island guarding the Bay of La Paz. The bays all have some historical background and the underwater scenery in each is different in many respects. One bay will hold the

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diver's attention with long shallow reefs covered with short aqueous growth and inhabited with a multitude of beautifully colored miniature fish, unreal sea fans and decorated sea urchins. While another bay will feature long sandy areas sparsely planted with thin grass all boxed in by colonies of giant bare boulders with deep caverns yawning full of the 10-25 pound spear dodgers.

The small offshore islands hold tricky currents, large rocky formations with small caves and channels and fish of every mentionable size and description. The size of your gun and the strength of your line soon measure your success and the weight of the catch.

We were fortunate during our stay at the base of the rainbow to be accompanied each day by a local diver and were always directed to the most interesting diving locations. On one of those days we were joined by diver Dick Adcock, who at that time ran the air compressor in La Paz, on a short trip to a tug boat resting on the bottom of the bay right in front of the city. The tug had burned to the water line and sunk several months prior and was now covered with marine growth, small animals and was the home of hundreds of small fish. It was also the home of a large mero that had been tamed by other visiting divers. The mero was not at home during our visit but an enchanting two hour dive was made examining the charred rusting hulk of the tug. We also contacted a tiny stinging growth that had moved in and resented our invasion.

The climax day of the trip to La Paz found us in a fishing cruiser bound for one of the larger outer islands. The cruiser was rented from genial Rudy Velez for \$40 for the day. Rudy manages the largest fishing fleet in La Paz and has small boats with outboard motors available for \$2.50 per hour plus several large inboards. As the cruisers are primarily intended for the marlin and bill fisherman they come equipped with a crew of two and a 25% discount to skin divers. Rudy is a wise man and recognizes the fact that divers do not need bait (valuable flying fish flown in from California) and that once in a suitable location the divers will not be moving much or trolling for endless hours in search of marlin. Once a diver finds "his" ideal location the hook remains on the bottom until the cry of "all my gear is busted, let's go home" is issued. Thus the understanding boater Rudy offers the 25% discount to underwater enthusiasts.

The crew aboard on the great climax day of our trip consisted of two boat

(Continued on next page)

SKIN DIVER—January, 1958



La Surpresa, about an hour and a half overland from La Paz, featured a wide white sand beach and two lucrative small islands in the center of the bay. The sun shelter had been erected by turtle fishermen and was our base for the day.



La Perla Hotel faces the bay and is the largest as well as the most convenient hotel in La Paz. American and European rates are reasonable. The large terrace deck is in front of the dining room where all meals may be had in the open air.



A weapons carrier provided transportation for the group during the side trips from La Paz to the diving areas. This proved an ideal vehicle for all the gear, several guests, and the four wheel drive is a must for the soft beach areas.



The largest fish of the trip was taken by Chuck, a 320 pounder. The catch was accomplished only after a terrific underwater battle in which the fish had the upper hand most of the time. The twisted spear shaft is only partial evidence of the adventurous fight.

men, George Pickett, Chuck, Jim, Charlie and Jeri. George is the water-wise Traffic Manager for Trans Mar de Cortez Airlines and was eager for us to land a big one. We did our best.

Before reaching the large island it was decided to check a reef area about half way between the bay entrance and the island, indicated on the charts as "Missing Lighthouse" area. Sacks were opened and the gear started flying, floats were blown up, guns rigged with generous lengths of line, masks, fins and snorkels readied. During the preparations one of the rubber guns was dropped overboard. Was this a bad omen, a mark on the day? Chuck hastily applied mask and fins, tied a rope to the stern and dropped overboard. The boat covered the area of the missing gun several times dragging Chuck at such a rate of speed that he had to keep one hand on his mask to keep from losing it while his fingers turned white holding on to the tow rope.

The gun was lost.

We moved on a few hundred yards to the Suwanee Reef. By leaning over the side we determined the bottom to be about 35 feet down. Looked good, so over we went.

The water was much clearer than the coastal areas, visibility appeared to be about 100 feet. Moving in and out of sight we could see a family of Spotted

Eagle Rays as they glided about... an occasional small Manta Ray flew by... the rocks and reefs standing out from the sandy bottom were populated by varieties of Trigger Fish, Puffers and small, colorful reef fish no larger than your finger.

George Pickett gave the first cry, "Mero!" Jeri cleared her snorkel, sucked in some air and porpoised. The fish was weaving a tight pattern through the smaller rocks at the edge of the reef. Jeri led the column of divers to the bottom, glancing back at Chuck once who urged her on. Jim followed with the camera. The fish continued his weaving, loop, hook, twang... the rubber gun spat out the stainless shaft and now the slip head was imbedded in the skin on the other side of the fish. A terrific struggle to gain the surface and the divers watched the break-away line and float zing through the water. The fish moved out a few yards and settled on the sandy bottom. Jeri went down to retrieve her catch; it wasn't that simple as the fish fought all the way up to the boat. Five days in the water for the group and Mrs. Blakeslee brings in the first fish that amounts to anything.

Jim and Chuck catch their breath and attack the water with foamy fury in their eyes. This woman diver is good but we couldn't go back home under



120 pound Pez Fuerte landed on a short line by George Hart of the Snorkels Club. This is a record. Other fish brought in by the Snorkels at La Paz were a 165 pound Eagle Ray, 68 pound Pez Fuerte and a 122 pound Grouper. The Snorkels, from Southern California, camped on the beach near La Paz.

these circumstances. George had taken the whole affair in stride and was chasing the smaller fish near the top of the reef, some twenty feet down.

Jim drops to the bottom and stalks a big fella that he has spotted, makes his approach, fires... the shaft gayly scoots over the top of the fish and the line falls across his back. Buck fever. The fish slowly makes his way down a sandy alleyway, makes a right turn and... twan-n-g!!! Bonn-k!!

Chuck had been observing the circus act from above, had come down First Avenue, met the fish and speared same. The small calibre powerhead sent the dart through the fish and the line played out, the float-line-pack jarred loose from the gun, and then the whole works... fish, line, float and all zoomed out of sight.

The divers surfaced and churned off in the direction of the wounded fish searching every cave entrance and hole for a sign of the line or the float that would lead them to the fish. George gave another cry, "He's over here!" Chuck re-loaded his gun, attached a new line, and proceeded to place another dart in the fish... only to see the whole works disappear again. Tracking this time was easier as the floats bobbed on the surface.

Chuck found his fish secured in the "Missing Lighthouse Buoy." He then

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A large sting ray peacefully poses for the camera in his private sand pile at Los Muertos. Millions of small reef fishes abound in the nearby reefs.



Dr. Paul DeBach of the Snorkels goes native in the restful atmosphere of La Paz. The hustle and bustle of the metropolis is soon forgotten as the enhancing fishing pace is assumed.



put a solid shaft into the fish and then another. Several dives to the small entrance of the rusting buoy didn't produce the fish. A boat hook was put to work but still no fish. The exhausted Chuck finally put himself to task and moved several large rocks from the entrance, went into the buoy with a gaff and dragged the exhausted fish out and to the surface.

Jim took two fish and Chuck took another. All of these fish required from two to four shafts each and many working dives with the gaff to get them out of their protective holes.

This reef area proved to be superb diving, suitable only for kings and publishers. The crowd on the boat as it returned to La Paz that afternoon was devoid of energy and ambition. Completely fished-out.

The Beach-master met us at the dock and took charge of the fish. The scales announced to the large crowd that the smallest fish weighed 82 pounds... the largest 320 pounds. The others were in the 90 pound range. Five beautiful fish hung from the scaffold for the photographs and then the knife-wielders attacked. All of the meat was distributed to the lower income citizenry of La Paz with some going to the hospital, the jail and perhaps an orphanage. This grouper and mero meat is a treat to the

people of La Paz as their usual fish diet consists of marlin and they welcomed the change.

While in La Paz we spent one day with the Nisei Kelp Tanglers from Los Angeles who were spending their annual trip in the rainbow land. There were no exceptional fish landed that day but a lot of bottom area was covered and many pleasant hours of diving talk was spread on the hot sands of the beach.

Also in La Paz at the time was a group of bearded campers, who upon closer identification, turned out to be the "Snorkels Club" from El Morro Beach near Laguna. Jack Dudley, George Hart, Paul DeBach and a troupe were camping at the favored diving spots around La Paz. They have a story of their own to tell and we hope it will appear in SD before too long.

This rainbow land of La Paz is like a recurrent fever working in reverse... La Paz doesn't come to us, we keep returning to it. And will do so for many seasons to come. Like the perfect arched rainbow with the correct splashes and stripes of color La Paz has all the elements of a perfect skin diving land. On the surface it is a bit hot and the land is arid but underneath the lap, lap of the calm waters...

Come on down and get a handful of our diving rainbow, La Paz.

In the pic below is the first large Mero as it charges along the bottom of Suwanee Reef. Jeri had made a clean shot and the fish was soon surfaced.



On the left, Sam Ichikawa and Hank Nunokawa of the Nisei Kelp Tanglers pull their Rooster fishes out of the water for a photograph. The fish weighed 31 and 36½ pounds. This is a fast swimming fish and requires skill to spear. When excited are long dorsal fin is erected much as the comb of a rooster.



Nisei Moe Kurihara found his best diving at Rancho Buena Vista, south of La Paz. The Rancho is a favorite for many of the marlin fishermen and skin divers. Above, Moe has a 60 pound Red Snapper.

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PAPEETE, Tahiti—It's not the majestic mountains, the sweep of blue-green sea, the tumbling waterfalls, nor the sunset over Moorea that commands the tourist's eye the longest in Tahiti.

It's the Girls

They populate Papeete with a never-ending pageant of Polynesian pulchritude.

Just a simple walk along any of Papeete's narrow, balconied streets brings the tourist face to face with Tahiti's most spectacular natural asset.

By the hundreds they go by, long black tresses gleaming in the sun; soft rounded shoulders, dark cream in color, floating over near-perfect bodies of lissome structure; frank provocative smiles wreathing their faces in unfailing good humor—and all of this under the command of warm, liquid-brown inviting eyes.

The national uniform of the Tahitian girl is the native pareu—a simple wrap-around skirt with bra—or a deep-cut sunback dress—garments designed for a maximum of exposure to the warming sun, of course, and a minimum of restriction to bodily movement.

Tourists, male or otherwise, fourteen or four score, single or golden-wedded, cannot fail to appreciate this truly amazing display of tropical beauty.

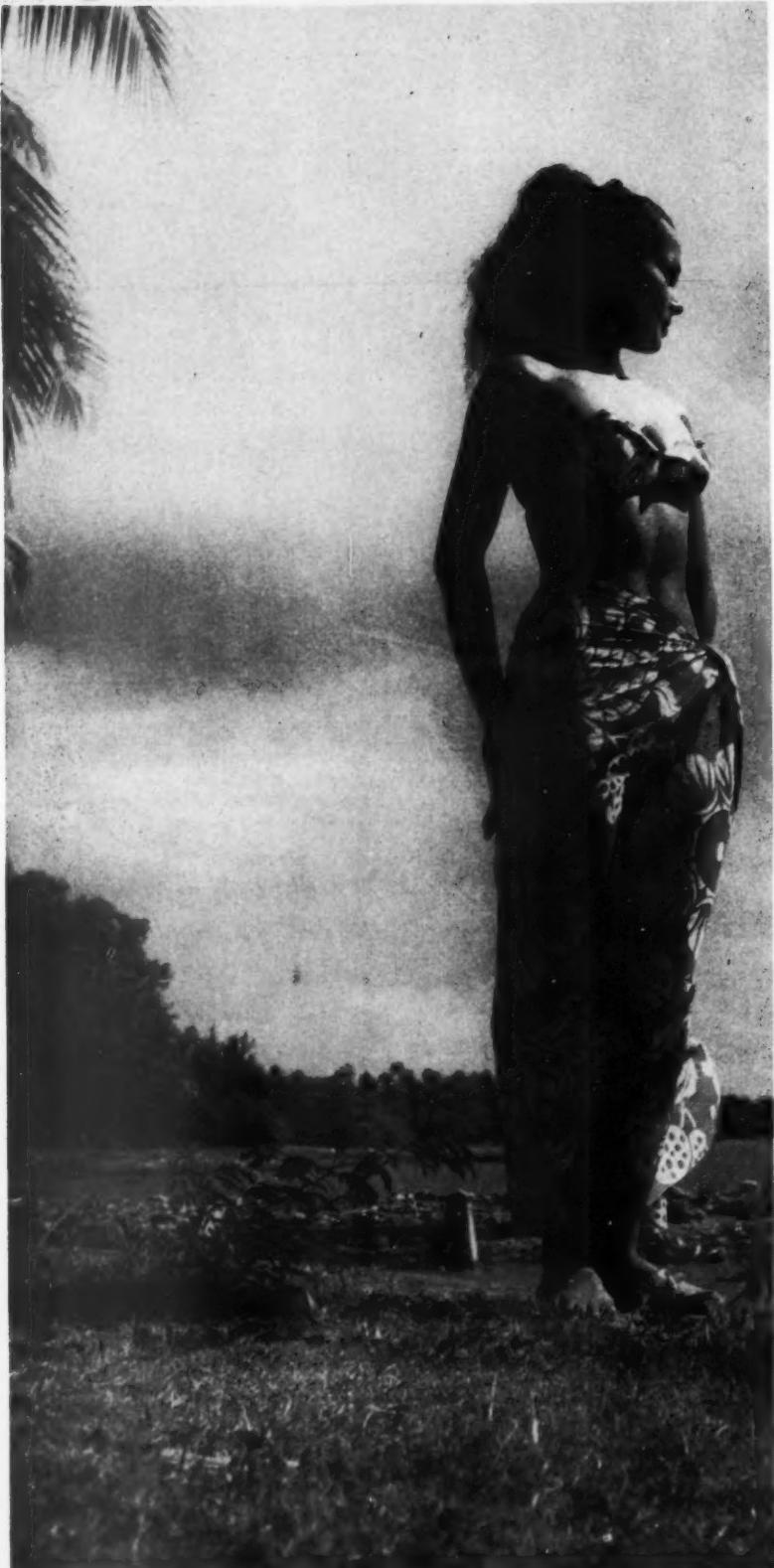
Papeete, with its cosmopolitan night life, its richly romantic blend of Paris and Polynesia, its oft-replenished supply of young men from yachts and freighters, is the mecca towards which Tahiti's curvesome cavalcade is oriented. Ten miles from the center of town the standards of feminine beauty diminish noticeably.

The Tahitian girl, like her island cousins in Samoa and Hawaii, matures early. Fifteen, it is said, is the age of consent—and freely given. But no Tahitian girl who makes it to Papeete ever states her age as other "than over 22". It's simpler—the Tahitian way.

These scenic wonders of Tahiti are a fascinating blend of a child's innocent, carefree face and a woman's richly mature body. They come from highly handsome original stock. It has been bountifully enriched by voyagers, from mutineers to millionaires, since Captain James Cook first recorded his warm welcome in 1769.

Around Papeete they go, on well turned ankles, pumping their bicycles, scooting on sputtering motor-bikes, and on chattering Italian motor scooters—simply and in droves.

Viewed from north, east, south or west they are Tahiti's most consistently spectacular sight. ➤



This clever bit of public relations work comes from the Matson Navigation Company as a reminder that their ocean queens "Mariposa" and "Monterey" are making regular tours to the South Pacific, Australia and New Zealand. Tourists are invited to join. Tahiti is a major stop over for the passenger liners. Superior skin diving is also available in Tahiti, although Matson didn't mention this fact.

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When I was very young I read that to "catch a fish you must think like a fish," and more recently a top-notch spearfisherman told me just this. I believe that no truer words were spoken.

Spearfishing has progressed by leaps and bounds since the days of Guy Gilpatrick; the fish have vanished by even greater leaps and bounds, and however much we may defend ourselves, Brethren of the Spear, we must confess that we have been partly responsible for the present famine of fish in some parts of the World.

Although I am perhaps the least travelled spearfisherman to write like this, yet I believe that my observations might hold good in other parts of the spearfishing World with allied fauna.

I refer specifically to what are known as "game-fish" and "coarse fish."

Just what exactly is a "game-fish," and how is it distinguished from a "coarse fish"? I have read in the International Game Fish records that a Grouper, for instance, is a game-fish. Not pretending to be a purist, however, I beg to disagree. Can you compare the lumbering Grouper with the swift, sleek Marlin?

In Ceylon, and in the ranks of the Reefcombers of Ceylon, we are pretty fastidious about game-fish. We prefer to group them as silvery, fast-moving, migratory or semi-migratory fishes which generally do not inhabit caves or have a fixed feeding or hunting ground so to speak. We give the spearfishing skin diver who hunts and takes these more credit than for the taking of "coarse-fish" or "Rock-fish."

It is high time that spearfishermen, like hunters on land, were bound by Laws and Rules to encourage sportsmanship and promote Conservation. I have been recently quite disgusted at some instances of ruthless butchering of slow-moving, poor-to-eat rockfish by experienced spearfishermen. Liken it to sport on land; does the shooter who starts off with pot-shots at sitting birds continue this even after he has mastered wing-shooting?

I am surprised that in Florida, spearfishermen are discouraged from shooting at game-fishes and encouraged to take coarse-fishes on the grounds that anglers seek game-fishes and so must be afforded preference in a State where they are numerically and politically more powerful. We often wonder if the Conservationists and Lawmakers have themselves observed the fishes they make Laws about underwater.

If they do so in Ceylon they will receive a surprise. For the past three years, together with a few experienced spearfishermen I have experimented with not taking coarse fishes and watching the reactions of game-fishes who visit these areas. We have observed,

quite conclusively, that where there are lots of fishes in evidence of the coarse-fish type, the game fishes are in relative evidence in a somewhat unhurried and trusting capacity. This does not mean that there are no game-fish elsewhere, on the contrary there are much greater concentrations of them in open water in the vicinity of suitable bait. But here they are not considered generally attainable by the average spearfisherman who hunts over rocks and reefs and not in open water in the hope of seeing game in an all-blue empty void of water.

selected terrestrial blood-sports. Already we have organized underwater hunts for specific game fishes and no others. During some seasons we sally out with special gear to take only one distinct type of game-fish and no other. We are striving to cut out the "rough-shooting" and "take-what-comes" form of spearfishing and encourage a more clear-cut and planned form of undersea hunt.

The shooter who seeks pheasant will not swing his shotgun on a pigeon, even if it is in season, for fear of scaring away the pheasant. Similarly we are trying to teach our members not to

THINK LIKE A FISH

By RODNEY JONKLAAS

Think like a fish; like a game-fish, and you'll know what we are driving at. Fish CAN think, you know! If you were a game-fish how would you react to

- (1) A reef or mass of rock underwater with a large population of resident fishes all placidly hanging about like a scene in the corner Drugstore on Saturday night?

You'd slow down to have a look and maybe a snack, huh?

- (2) A "desert" reef with a few very small fishes lurking here and there and every evidence of having been "gone over"?

You'd get the hell out of there!—right?

We consider Jacks, Pompanos, Queenfishes, Barracudas, Tunas and Benitos, Marlin and Sailfishes, Cobias, Milkfish (*Chanos chanos*), Gray Mullet, Spanish Mackerel and large Gars as "game-fish." They are always on the move, hard to take and good to eat.

Groupers, Snappers, Spade-fish, Thick-lips, Bream, Parrot-fish, Estuary Perch (like your Snook), Jewfish ("Channel Bass" to you), Tangs, and similar types are "rock-fish" to us. They are fairly good to eat.

Real trash or coarse-fish are sharks, rays and skates, Puffers and Porcupines, Morays, Bosfish and Angel-fishes. We consider these almost inedible and do not encourage shooting them, except for, of course, sharks.

There is no hard and fast rule that makes the first type always hard to spear and the latter two easy prey; on the contrary we often encounter stupid Spanish mackerel that blunder inquisitively into our spears, and know of cunning Groupers that have evaded us on our very doorsteps for many years . . .

We are trying to elevate spearfishing to the level of the more refined and

crack away at rockfish when better game might show up.

True, we sometimes have long waits with loaded guns for worthwhile fishes but I have always found these worthwhile. It is a little hard on spring or rubber-propelled guns because long periods of cocking are hard on the propellant materials. But to counteract this we discourage loading on land or in the water until the precise location where the fishes are expected is reached. We often observe divers loading on land and swimming or rowing out many miles before using their guns. Stupid and dangerous practice.

Game-fish are tasty fish; taking them in preference to others actually encourages sound sportsmanship, skill in hunting, conservation and saving on food bills. I would more applaud a hunter who brings in regularly game-fish of any size than the big-game diver who prefers to knock out heavy groupers with infallible tackle by merely approaching them and letting fly at the enormous target.

I know and read of many divers who butcher large quantities of poor-eating fishes for "sport." These are either left to rot or disposed of to people who cannot possibly enjoy eating them. Is it not wiser to spare these for beginners to "cut their teeth" on and concentrate on game-fish? This would also serve to silence those dislikers of spearfishermen (there are too many of them already) who allege that fishes are wantonly destroyed in the name of sport.

I may be harping too much on conditions here but having read many books on spearfishing I am reasonably sure that game-fishes have their representatives all over the World and that a move in this direction cannot possibly do anyone or any type of fishes harm. On the contrary a lot of good can come from it . . .

Driftwood

... So, okay, it's 1958. I assume you survived those magnificent New Year's Eve parties and are, once again, putting a clear-headed scrutiny upon the sparkling waters of the months ahead in Diverdom. For anyone who may be just joining our splash: Driftwood is a place in which you are to let down your curly inhibitions, scribble your heart out on paper and mail it in; whereupon, it hits print and the violent reactions of your fellow malcontents. Winner or Loser, we'll love you for making the effort. Yeh, and if you happen to be a beautiful wench: send photos. And now, look who I found, out here, in deep water . . .

THE MERRY, MARITAL MELEE . . .

It's taken me a long time to get up enough courage to write and tell you that I always take my wife along when I go diving, and I like having her along. I also like not looking at those curvy young dolls on the beach. I also like being bawled-out for staying in the water too long, for not minding our two-dozen brats while she wades in the shallows and for expecting to find a hot cup of tea awaiting me as I stumble out of the ocean. Of course, I don't get to do much diving, anymore: Not since they built higher fences around this institution.

HARVEY REINHOLDT
Newark, New Jersey

You poor, crazy mixed-up kid.

My husband and I have been following the controversy regarding wives-accompanying-husbands-on-diving-outings and we've gotten a very large charge out of the viewpoints expressed by most of your readers. Both sides have (in our delighted opinion) some very good arguments. In our case, sometimes I go with my fella, sometimes I stay at home. Usually, I only go along on the shorter trips. We hope everybody solves the problem to their individual satisfaction—and just keep on diving no matter what. Incidentally, my husband is sixty-four years old and I will be sixty-two, next June!

MARY ANN CARUTHERS
Detroit, Michigan

You kids sound wonderfully well-adjusted.

Kohler, what do you say when you ask a husband if he will take you along, skin diving, and he says okay — then sneaks out of the house while you're still asleep?

HANNAH WILLIAMS
Brownsville, Texas

I'd say the guy's got tact.

It's my opinion it all depends on the kind of a wife a guy's got, as to whether she should be allowed to go along on diving outings. Some dames are too much of a pain-in-the-neck to be taken anywhere: others are nice enough to be brought-along everywhere.

TED FREEMAN
Salt Lake City, Utah

And if a guy's got both kinds?

My mom and dad both like skin diving. There's never any trouble about who gets to go with who, at our house, because my dad knows who's boss — and besides, my mom helps him with his diving since she's better at it than him. I'm not kidding, either.

RONNY McELROY (age 11)
Chicago, Illinois

Tell me, kid — how much did your ma pay you to write that letter, anyway?

In the last few issues of SKIN DIVER, your column has been begging for pictures. Here's mine. I'm nineteen, stand 5'3", weigh 108 pounds, bright red-hair, dark brown eyes, measure 34-24-34—and, the most important: I'm a skin diver's wife. I've heard and read so many letters about how gruesome being a diver's wife is, but personally, I love it. I very seldom miss going with my husband, although I've done very little diving of my own. There's some wonderful reading in your magazine and library books to occupy divers' wives. We enjoy your column very much (honestly) and like the new series of *Flipper McSplash* as much as your version. I would love to hear from any SD wives—especially, in Florida or anywhere else.



PAT CHILLA
715 Waverly Road
Davenport, Iowa

Will you wolves, in front, kindly stop howling: the little lady wants to hear from other wives.

Don't you think there's probably a damn fine reason why a lot of divers don't want to drag their wives along? As a discerning bachelor, Kohler, I'll venture to say it's because quite a few of the wives are real monsters.

HAL J. SMITH
New York, N. Y.

Oh yeah? Have another look at the little dish above, and then go somewhere and quietly hate yourself.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM ON AN EBB-TIDE . . .

It's not that I'm bugged with that jazz, but it's kinda in the void, asteroid — you dig me, man? I'm just flipped over living. Man, my eyes are open. You see, I'm hep to slippery mackerel and flying catfish. Like wow, man, I'd just like to know the legal limit on sea anemone — that's all!

'DRIFTIN' CHUCK GILLETTE
Albany, California

Get away from me with that here now question, cat.

Can you tell me if there is good Aqua-lunging and skin diving in Manila, Philippine Islands? Maybe some of your Manila readers would care to write me on this question. I'm planning to move to Manila soon.

DON MUHM
Box 463
Port Hueneme, California

I've never done any diving in Manila waters. Perhaps, some helpful type will clue you in.

A couple of days ago, I was coming out of the water when this guy and his wife, walking down the beach, stopped me and started chewing me out. Seems they think skin divers are practically contaminating the ocean and should be restrained behind bars. They really ate me out—and I wonder if you can (or will, without making a fool out of me) offer some advice. What can I say the next time something like this happens?

JOE PARTELLO
Miami, Florida

Why, just suggest that they take their ignorant ideas and . . . no, don't tell them that. Do what I do: prance off down the beach, laughing like a loony. Those-type critics will think you're crazy, even if you try giving them the facts, so you may as well save your breath for diving.

SKIN DIVER—January, 1958

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I'm sending along a couple of photos we would like to see in *Driftwood*. The girl is Margie Elbert, a member of our club. For obvious reasons she keeps male attendance, at club meetings at its peak. (?) The grave, jubilant looking fellow, with the two hammerheads, is Pete Popenoe, also a member of the San Antonio Underwater Club.

PEGGY MARIE WALKER
San Antonio, Texas

Pretty shrewd, Walker. Keeping meetings attendance jammed to the front door by the simple expedient of having a gorgeous-type member there. Pretty shrewd. By the way, just when IS the next meeting?

Here's a snapshot of two cool cats, from California, who are willing to show those cool chicks from Minnesota what we know about skin diving. But, first, man, let me tell you: If they want someone to teach them how to dive, I say they better get themselves a new hair-do. The one they have is Too Much. We're willing to show them what we know about diving — and fix their hair at the same time. If they're ever in California, maybe they'll look us up or drop us a line.

MANUEL CHEVEREZ
724 Spring Street
Santa Barbara, California

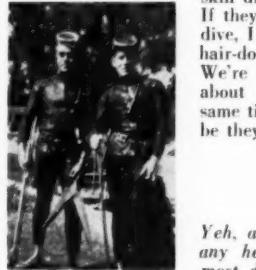
Yeh, and maybe they won't: You cats got any head-visions of exactly the pride-kick most dolls pick up on their hair-do style? Jeezely, what an approach.

Since you write for a magazine that features club news, you probably won't print my letter; but I want to air an old complaint in the hope that it might, possibly, get into print. Especially, since I've talked to many, many divers who have the same beef. Here it is: Can you tell me why the larger, better known clubs consistently refuse to take new members? I've tried joining clubs, in my area, for over a year now. Each time, I've been pretty obviously given the cold shoulder. Don't you think this can be safely considered stupid snobbery? What do you suggest we "outcasts" do?

KENYON PHILLIPS
Baltimore, Maryland

Do? Why, form your own diving, snob-set, of course. I am well aware such unpleasantness exists among certain of the older, fully-settled clubs, the country over; and I deem it occasional indication Fatheads are in full charge.

By sending you this letter I am making a little contribution to the safety of divers all over the world. My idea is to help the diver confronted with the common situation of being 100-feet underwater with his feet held by a giant clam. (In this specific case, he must be within a cave to protect himself from 15 mako-sharks who hap-



pen to be hungry.) The correct solution (as handled by an experienced Cuban diver-scientist) is as follows: (1) Tell the sharks you'll be out in a minute. They'll begin laughing and soon die of exhaustion. (2) Take a shark-fin and tickle the clam in the foot. You'll be released in exactly 359½ seconds. This timing will give you a margin of 20-minutes, 58-seconds (providing your air supply is one allowing 26-minutes; and you figure 359½ plus 2½ equals 5-minutes, 2-seconds). I'm sure you'll appreciate these results of years of investigation in the inhospitable Cuban Keys.

ENRIQUE (HENRY) CAYADO
Habana, Cuba

Doggone it, why don't these alleged authoritative books on diving offer detailed figures like this?

What is the legal limit on 15' by 30' giant clams? None of those wiseguy answers or I'll challenge you to a duel — wet noodles at ten paces.

ROBERT BURNS
Garden Grove, California

I ethically refuse to tell you until you show me proof that you can achieve an escape in 359½ seconds.

My buddies and I want to extend an invitation to you to be our guest on one of our near-future diving trips. We're pretty good at getting under the ice without freezing our brain-cases. We want to see how good you are at diving in really cold waters.

JACK HARRISON
The Scooby Doobies
Evanston, Illinois

Sorry, but even a hot blooded type like myself cannot stand water temperatures below 60-degrees.

THIS MONTH'S GOLDEN THOUGHT: "As you've heard, from the minutes of the last meeting, we've voted to increase dues to ten bucks each — hey, come back, the meeting's not over yet!"

DEPARTMENT OF DIVERSIFIED BIAS . . .

Driftwood is a fine thing. I want to see it stay around for a long time; but wouldn't it be possible to have another special feature, each month, in which serious questions could be given serious, informative replies. I'm not knocking Driftwood, you understand: I am just requesting another, more factual page.

STAN WEINER
Portsmouth, New Hampshire

Good idea. Now if I knew somebody who had the facts . . .

Your column once was a really hilarious thing until you started making the pitch for nothing but pictures of pretty girls. What's happened to the old spirit of nonsense and sarcasm that pervaded *Driftwood's* premises long, long ago? Every magazine on the stands is filled with pictures of sexy women. Let's return to a more entertaining, well balanced *Driftwood*, shall we?

ROBERT BONDER
Omaha, Nebraska

There is a lot of seeming logic in what you say, except I happen to disagree with most of it.

Kohler, are you a Democrat or a Republican?
WILLIAM L. MANNING
Ardmore, Oklahoma

Why, sir, I'm a Hard-shelled Hedonist.

Just thought you'd like to know I met the girl whom I'm marrying, next week, through the courtesy of good old *Driftwood*. Started writing to another diver, quite awhile back, whom I met in your Pen Pals section — and after I visited him and was introduced to his beautiful sister, Karen, that thing called Love bit me.

FRANK SHIELDMAN
Medford, Oregon

Please take your complaints to the management: I only work here. Congratulations and all that starry-eyed jazz.

. . . and so we complete our first verbal-dip through the conversational chomp of '58. All last year, I nagged you for letters. This year, I have a fine, firm new policy: I couldn't care less if you don't write. About two months of thin mail and this place is a disturbing memory. It's entirely up to you. Assuming you'll meet me, out here behind the breakwater where we can talk without being overheard, I will count the days.

uncle relhok and his solar-powered submarine

George would have called them . . .

Growing Pains

By ROBERT ELLIS CAHILL

It reminded me of an old town meeting. Some sat in rickety chairs, others perched on crates and barrels. The rest of the men made themselves as comfortable as possible around the friendly pot-bellied stove which smoldered in the center of the concrete floor. The first meeting of the "New England Divers Frogman Club" was about to commence.

There were fourteen of us in all; some of the faces were familiar, others were not. Don Tremblay, Frank Sanger, Selman Graves and Jim Cahill, ex Navy frogman, were there, and then there were other enthusiasts like the humorous ruddy faced Ernie Debner who had helped to organize the club; Bob Guerette, who had contacted and informed others of this first New England divers' organization; and Gilbert Arrington, a once heavy rig helmet diver, who was now an aqua lung convert. This small group banded together through common interest, would not only become the closest of friends, but also a closely knit team of underwater experts.

Jim Cahill had rented an old, yet picturesque, shop near Beverly Bridge opposite to Old Glover's Wharf, an appropriate location for our meeting place. It was on this very spot that less than 225 years ago the schooner "Hannah,"

officially recognized as the first ship of the American Navy, had been ordered by General George Washington to be commissioned and to sail on her first cruise. Therefore, the birth place of the "New England Divers' Frogman Club" is also the birthplace of the American Navy.

The street floor of the quaint shop was utilized as a store for selling aqua lung equipment and sea scape paintings created by local artists. One of the canvases, an underwater scene painted by Jim Cahill's mother, hung in the front bay window overlooking the street. The basement was used as our meeting place. Lockers, one for each of the diver's equipment, were lined along the wall. There was even a spare locker labeled "Davy Jones' Locker." A rickety staircase led to the store above, and another doorway led to Glover's Wharf and Beverly Harbor.

We decided the one prerequisite for joining the club would be the successful completion of a course at the diving training school; however, we made an amendment to this, adding, "with the exception of active tenders whose one duty would be to assist the divers." We tried to persuade Pop Cahill, Jim's father, to become an active tender, but he

refused, stating, "You young fellas don't want an old fogey like me." Pop not only wanted to become a member, although he didn't say so, but he also was and still is the top expert on diving safety in New England with a supreme knowledge of the tender's responsibilities; therefore, we made Pop an honorary member.

A strict list of safety regulations was agreed upon by every member, and each member was responsible for observing and carrying out these regulations. "These safety rules," lectured Don Tremblay, "will allow us (the more experienced divers) to keep a watchful eye over all new members."

A day didn't go by that one of the New England divers couldn't be seen jumping off Glover's Wharf into Beverly harbor, in search of lobsters, flounders, moorings, anchors, sunken boats, or just a few star fish to decorate the store with. Only one man took a negative attitude toward the constant activity in Beverly harbor and that was the tender of Beverly Bridge, for it's a known fact that club members were a traffic hazard in the city of Beverly. As one of the human fish would skim to the surface and then submerge into the choppy waters, motorists traveling on this main Massachusetts highway would hit their brakes and gaze in amazement. Some would jump out of their automobiles and peer over the bridge railing just to make sure their eyes weren't deceiving them, as the bridge tender ran around frantically trying to prevent the inevitable late afternoon traffic jam.

Every afternoon after work, Doug Chapman and Bob Segee, two members who made a lucrative business of finding and selling anchors and moorings, would meet at the club house, don their equipment and plunge into Beverly harbor together salvaging whatever metals they could find. One day Bob took sick, so Doug continued the underwater scavenger hunt on his own, not stopping to realize he was violating a main rule of



Sea scape painting that lends atmosphere to the New England Divers Frogman Club headquarters.

diving. Luck was with him this day, for accidentally he came across a spot chock-a-block full of unattached anchors and moorings. He lost himself in the work of tying lines to his finds and sending up markers . . . and also lost track of time. Then he sucked his mouthpiece for air. Nothing! He fumbled for his reserve air lever and pulled it. Still nothing! He had already unconsciously pulled the lever earlier and used his reserve. He was forty feet down, out of air, and no one to help him!

Quickly with motions born of long experience, Doug flipped the safety belt straps and flung the heavy equipment from his back. Then he paddled like hell for the top, slowly letting out his last breath as he ascended. After what seemed like an incredibly long time, he broke the surface and gulped the cool, crisp air, hungrily relieving his tightened lungs.

"If any diver cares to dive independently without either buddy or tender, he will no longer be a member of this club," said Don Tremblay bluntly at the meeting following Doug Chapman's close call.

"You know," Gil Arrington remarked, "I don't think most of us appreciate the aqua lung." There were a few cracked smiles. "No, I'm serious," said Gil. "Look at Doug's case. Why, if he wasn't wearing throw-away equipment, we'd be out looking for his body right now." Everyone turned and looked at Doug, who managed a weak smile.

"Like the rest of you," Gil went on, "it took me time to get used to aqua lung gear." Gil was the only one in the group who had ever been down in a diving bell, and who had done repair and salvage work in heavy regular diving suit. "I imagine we'll still be learning new things about our equipment right up to our last dive, but after the narrow escapes I've had in conventional gear, I'd just as soon be a slave to the aqua lung for the rest of my life."

Gil is an employee of the "James Graves Yacht Yard" in Marblehead of which Selman Graves is manager. Sel is a fellow diver and close friend of Gil's. Yet Sel is still Gil's boss; therefore, Gil was reluctant to tell of his experience in the diving bell with Sel present at the meeting. Not that Sel had done anything wrong or negative, but, as all the club members were soon to realize, Selman Graves had a phobia for buying things. What things? Anything.

For example, one day Sel decided he wanted a submarine. What a frogman needs a sub for, I'll never know. Each diver is actually a small sub in himself. But Sel figured that in a submarine he could go deeper and stay down longer without exerting himself as much. Sel made his diagrams, sent out West for

tanks, and went salvaging around the wreckage compound for parts. He even bought an Austin-Healey sports car so he could use its motor in his sub. Things started falling behind at the yacht yard and one thing led to another. Now I don't know whether or not Sel ever got much work done on his sub, but every Thursday evening he drives to the club meetings in his Austin-Healey, motor and all. Among the few material things Sel has seen fit to purchase in the past are, a house trailer (he already lives in a perfectly beautiful home), two motorcycles (he owned two cars at the time he purchased these), a mountain in Maine or New Hampshire (I forget which state.) Sel has climbed the mountain once or twice. And of course the matter at hand, a diving bell.

Sel, being a good sport as well as an extensive buyer, allowed Gil to tell of his experience in the diving bell to the club members:

"Selman Graves had purchased a monstrous looking diving bell," Gil began. "It was the type in which one or two men may sit and the deeper you go in the foolish thing, the more water rises in it. This meant that the air in the bell became more and more compressed during the descent. I was awe-struck with this handsome device and asked Sel to let me be the first to go down in it.

"The bell was lowered from a tug-boat (also owned by Selman Graves). I was comfortable enough, sitting on a little wall seat with the open bottom below me and a little window out of which to peer.

"'Lower away!' was the cry from the deck and I heard the chug, chug of the winch and the steel cable whining and yawning as I was lowered away. I tried to get one last look at the boat through the tiny porthole, but all I saw was the bubble-flecked green of the ocean. I got kind of nervous when the water inside the bell started creeping up around my legs. I yelled through the two-way speaker, 'Get ready to pull me up; this water is coming in fast!'

"'It's supposed to,' was the hollow answer from above. For a minute, I wondered how much the two fellows who were handling the bell cable knew about this thing. I just hoped they were dependable. My life was in their hands.

"I looked down into the water circling about my legs and saw the bottom about ten feet down. 'Stop me here!' I shouted. No answer. The bell kept heading down. Now I was really nervous. These two guys tending the bell, seemed not only to be careless, but deaf as well. The bell hit the bottom with a thud. The water was up around my waist.

"'Hey up there!' I shouted through



Don Tremblay examines the diving bell that was used just once by Gil Arrington, and since then has rested in Sel Graves boat yard. Diving with scuba is preferred by Gil. Photo by Joe Topping.

the speaker. I called them every nasty name I could think of and even made up a few new ones. 'How is it down there? Can you see much?' I heard a familiar voice call.

"'I can't see a d... thing. Get me the hell out of here!' I was really mad by now. They answered me 'okay' and I felt the bell move.

"I was all set to give those tenders the worst bawling out they had ever received when I reached the surface. But, to my chagrin, I wasn't being hauled to the surface. They were dragging the bell with me perched inside along the ocean floor to a new location. Again and again I shouted to them to take me up.

"Then I felt the bell going down deeper. Evidently they had dragged the bell along until it had reached a deeper place. The water was rising... first up to my chest and then higher. When I only had a foot of space between the water and the ceiling of the bell I pressed my mouth up to the speaker and shouted until I thought my lungs would burst.

"'You want to come up?' they asked me from way above.

"'Yes,' I yelled back.

"'What?' came back the voice.

"'Yes.' And that second "yes" must have knocked the tender clear across the deck. I was sweating profusely from every pore. I was never so relieved in

(Continued on Next Page)

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Standing on Old Glover's Wharf, birthplace of the American Navy, the New England Divers Frogman Club members prepare to enter the water en masse. Photo by Arnold Grant.

(Continued from Page 21)
my life as I was when I felt the bell begin to rise and the water inside begin to drop. 'We'll have you aboard in a minute,' said Sel Graves through the phones. But, something seemed wrong; I was traveling to the surface at a fantastic rate of speed.

"Did you ever hold a glass tumbler underwater and then let it pop to the surface?" Gil asked the members. "It sinks again, doesn't it?

The air inside the bell was decompressing at such a rate that it forced the bell right out of the water and into the air. I felt like a jack-in-the-box being hurled through space; however, I was pretty frightened at the time, and I wasn't the only one who considered Gil Arrington a doomed man. I caught a short glimpse of the men working the cable on the tug, through the port hole, and saw them scurrying around the deck fighting the loose coil. I even, for an instant, heard their frantic voices. Down I went again only a lot faster than the first time. I gulped and gulped again as I felt the pressure crush against my ear drums.

"Water rushed into the bell. First it was up to my knees. Within minutes it was gurgling about my neck. I was sweating like a roasting pig and felt drips running down my cheek. I wiped them away with my hand. It was blood that smeared my cheek, not sweat. The increasing pressures had ruptured my ear drums. My head was throbbing and my eyes smarted. I yelled, screamed and cursed into the speaker until my throat could take the strain no longer. I hugged the metal ceiling and cried blue murder. Never in my life had I been in such agony and near panic. When water started trickling into my mouth, I gave up my struggle and started to pray, but then the metal monster began its upclimb. Apparently, the boys above had gotten things straightened out. When the bell reached the surface,

I was ready to slip out the bottom, fearing it would descend again, but this time the boys had hauled her up slowly. The bell and I were soon aboard the tug.

"Gentlemen," Gil added, "that is one good reason why no one cherishes the self-contained underwater breathing apparatus more than I. All other equipment is not only obsolete, but a hundred times more cumbersome and dangerous than the lung."

One of the new found wonders was a seventy-five foot ship embedded in the mud forty feet below the surface in Beverly harbor. The name stenciled on the back of the ship read "Vagrant." After searching through back records, we learned that the "Vagrant" was a yacht which settled to the bottom during an early 1950 storm. Her owner saw no reason for bringing her to the surface for she had a large gash in the stern and through the years she had progressively sunk into the ooze beneath Beverly Bridge.

The "Vagrant" was a diver's paradise with its eerie hulk frosted with vegetation and its deck bustling with sea life. But, a sunken ship with such an attraction for adventurers can also become a nightmare. Like the time a diver from the California shores visited our club house one breezy December day. His name was Bob Bourgault, originally from Massachusetts but his diving experience was limited to the Pacific Coast. Ernie Debner, Don Tremblay and Jack LaBrie offered to accompany Bob Bourgault to the "Vagrant." Young Bourgault was excited for this was his first dive in the Atlantic and his first chance to explore a sunken ship. Bob, Ernie and Don wore aqua lungs this day, whereas Jack LaBrie decided to use the Desco outfit. Jack set up his compressor on the wharf and climbed into his weighted canvas suit. The only advantage to the Desco outfit is that a diver can stay underwater for a longer

period of time. Jack was first to enter the water, but he wasn't in two minutes before his compressor hose froze. Jack had to ascend immediately. Bob Bourgault after slipping into his rubber suit and lung was the second man into the water. He made a few remarks about the coldness of the water and then disappeared beneath the surface. Don Tremblay went down immediately after Bob, but lost sight of him near bottom. He searched the wreck but couldn't find Bob there either. "I hope he hasn't gone inside the ship," said Don to himself as he circled the wreckage. After a thorough search Don surfaced. "Has Bob come up yet?" he asked Ernie and Jack standing on the wharf.

"He's over there," said Jack in a matter of fact voice. Bob was floating face down on the surface, as many divers do before making a descent. Don thought nothing of the matter until he noticed Bob wasn't moving. Don swam over to the motionless diver and with the help of Ernie and Jack hauled him onto the wharf. Bob's face was a pale blue and his mask, still intact, was filled with saliva. He was still breathing. Jack applied artificial respiration as Ernie ran up to the club house to call the rescue squad. Firemen and rescue workers arrived and applied a resuscitator. Bob was rushed to the hospital and on the way he recovered consciousness.

"Another two minutes without air and this fella would have died," stated one of the firemen. "What happened anyway?" he asked Don. Don couldn't answer the question for he could see no probable reasoning for Bob Bourgault's mishap. The near tragedy was reported on the front page of local papers and commented on over the radio. This was bad publicity for the club. Next morning I arrived at the club house early to get the true story from Ernie and Don.

Don explained that while Bourgault was underwater, he snagged his aqua lung hose on a piece of wreckage. The thought of becoming a permanent seaman on the "Vagrant" apparently frightened Bob, and in his struggle to break away he ripped his aqua lung hose, blocking off his air supply. He started losing consciousness. With a last futile attempt he took out his knife and slashed the snagged hose from the wreckage; then he blacked out. Being equally buoyant the unconscious diver floated to the surface where Don found him and dragged him to the wharf.

After questioning Bourgault at the hospital, Don found out that the California diver wasn't aware of many of the diving safety rules and regulations. Bourgault had broken the main code of diving, "don't panic." He also had neglected to tie a safety loop on his aqua lung belt, which allows a diver to

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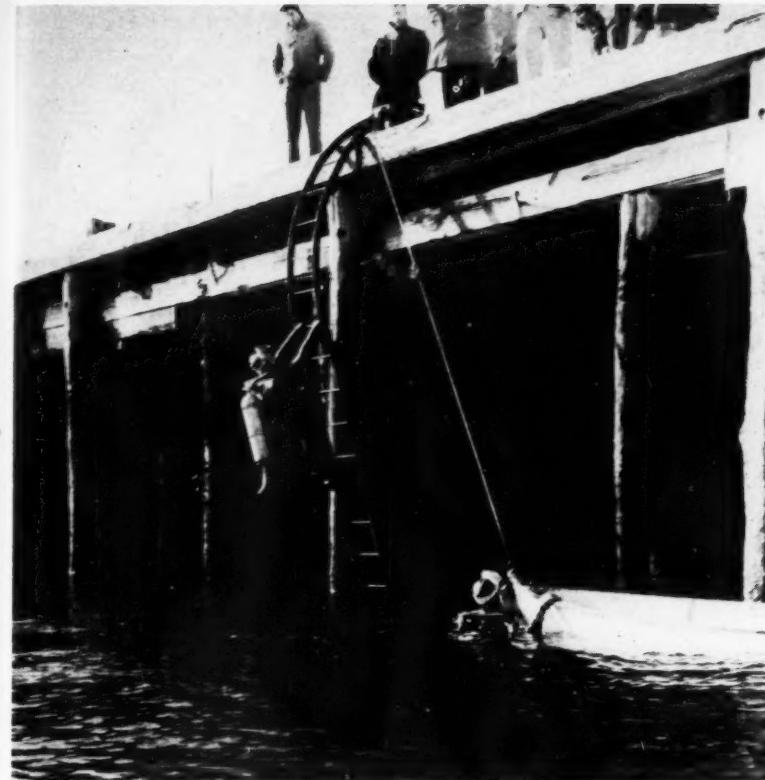
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Dropping into the water off Glover's Wharf the divers usually stop traffic on the nearby bridge as motorists watch the proceedings. The relic "Vagrant" rests beneath the waters near the wharf. Photo by Joe Topping.

release his gear easily. There was no doubt in any of the members' minds that Bourgault, if he had kept his wits about him, could have freed himself from the almost fatal predicament. Bourgault was also at fault for diving into the water before his buddy was prepared to make the descent with him. However, Don Tremblay wasn't completely in the right in his actions that day and he admitted being at fault for (i) allowing Bourgault to dive before first testing the stranger's diving knowledge and (ii) for allowing Bourgault to dive before anyone was prepared to accompany him, and (iii) his failure to tell Bourgault that if at any time one diver loses sight of his buddy he is to ascend immediately, allowing both divers to meet on the surface and continue their swim together.

Sometimes it is difficult for a diver to enforce the safety rules upon himself and others. Many times it is the most experienced of divers who violate these rules. Rules and regulations are broken everyday, on the highway, in ball games and in many other instances. Sometimes, people consider breaking the rules an exciting challenge. However, in the world beneath the sea, breaking one diving rule or regulation may mean death, or near death as in Bourgault's case.

SKIN DIVER—January, 1958

The New England Frogmen had come a long way and had a long way to go yet. Even the club's Safety Officer had proved negligent; however, old and new members alike profited from the near tragedy. Don felt responsible but we knew he wasn't. As Gil had mentioned earlier, "There isn't one diver who hasn't at sometime broken at least one of the diving safety laws... but when that diver gets in trouble because of neglect, it's darn certain he isn't going to make the same mistake twice." The publicity derived from Bourgault's misadventure was bad for the club, but morale was still high. As I was leaving the club after learning the truth about Bourgault's dive, Ernie shouted after me. "Hey, Bob," he yelled, "someone's bought the 'Vagrant' you know." I turned and saw a stifled smile on Don Tremblay's face. "I'll give you three guesses who bought it," said Ernie, his ruddy face peeking around his open wall locker.

"I don't need three guesses," I explained as I started out the door. After buying a mountain that he's climbed only twice and a diving bell which was only used once, there was no doubt in my mind that the same person had purchased the worm eaten, weed-covered "Vagrant," a hulk of a ship which would never leave the ocean bottom. ▶▶

PESCADORES TAKE HONORS AT SHELL BEACH EVENT

By Wm. Parkhurst

Murky water and poor visibility limited the catch at the Pismo Beach Chamber of Commerce sponsored spearfishing contest held in November at Shell Beach, but forty-three divers from Redwood City to San Diego, California, turned out for the meet.

The meet was held in conjunction with the city's Clam Festival. Other meets to be held annually throughout the year and sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce will include one around Easter, Fourth of July, Labor Day and the November Clam Festival over the Armed Forces Day weekend.

Walking away with the prizes during the meet were Jack Opperman and Don Finley of the Los Angeles Pescadores. Finley won the trophy for the largest fish, Opperman took the total individual aggregate and they shared team aggregate honors. The two divers flipped a coin for the grand prize, a scuba regulator donated by Al's Sporting Goods. Opperman won.

The only other catch during the meet was an octopus measuring three feet and several abalone.

Seven clubs were represented at the meet and several unaffiliated divers. The clubs represented were the Pescadores of Los Angeles, Fathom Phantoms of Redwood City, Fresno Sports Divers, Kelprats of Ventura, Poly Divers of Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo, the Kelp Tanagers of Los Angeles and the Bakersfield Frogmen. ▶▶



Among the forty-three divers participating in the Pismo Beach Clam Festival spearfishing contest at Shell Beach were Hank Nunokawa and Wallace Shishido of the Nisei Kelp Tanagers.



News from around
the globe compiled and
edited in Skin Diver offices.

Local diving news from readers welcomed.

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA—Members of the **Pioneer Skin Diving Club** diving in a flooded rock quarry near **Dickerson, Maryland**, were amazed to find all the equipment still intact after 20 years of submersion. The railroad track and rock carts were in remarkably good condition. The pump house was located in 70 feet of water and divers **Frank Stivers**, **Tom Spencer** and **Rusty Sherrill** plan to enter the pump house next month with flash lights for a complete investigation.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON—An anchor from a century old sailing ship has been discovered by members of the **Northwest Underwater Research Group** off the north end of **Bainbridge Island**. The anchor, weighing more than 150 pounds, is shaped differently than modern anchors with a length of almost five feet and a width of 3½ feet between flukes.

SOLANA BEACH, CALIFORNIA—A second cache of small **Indian** ceremonial metates has been discovered by **Coast Guardsman Neil Tobin** while he was skin diving in ten feet of water. Several months ago about 100 of these bowls were discovered in 30 feet of water. Theories of why the bowls have been found at varying depths are linked with the receding of the coastline about eight inches a year. This theory is that the bowls may have been deposited on land and over a period of years covered by water as the coastline recedes. This would date the artifacts back 8000 to 9000 years.

PACIFIC OCEAN—The floor of the **Pacific Ocean** is being explored by the **U.S. Navy**. The explorations have resulted in the discovery of one of the highest mountain ranges and some of the deepest chasms known. They are being carried out with skin diving, deep sea photography and echo soundings. The greatest depth at which a picture has been taken so far is 13,062 feet near **San Diego**. The Navy's camera is constructed to take pictures down to a depth of 20,000. The first underwater mapping job was undertaken by marine geologists off **San Nicholas Island** for the **Naval Ordnance Testing Station**.

RIVA DEL GARDA, ITALY—Diving "underwine" **Tullio Cestari** saved **Riva Del Garda's** 1957 vintage from running in the streets of that **Alpine** resort. Two of the wine cellar workmen were overcome by fumes from the still fermenting liquid when a clogged valve allowed excess wine to flow in the corridor

adjoining the vats. **Cestari** equipped with scuba dived into the 12 foot deep tank and saved the day (eh, hic wine) by cleaning the valve.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—Eighteen-year-old **Margot Hatcher** is the only woman ever to be certified by **Scripps Institution of Oceanography** as a scientific skin diver. A sophomore at **USC**, she hopes for a career in marine biology and physical oceanography.

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE—Another winsome maid broke into the diving news with her discovery of a 750 pound anchor six miles off the coast of **Rye, N.H.** The seventeen-year-old girl, **Joan Paris**, is a member of the **Sea Skates** and is a bit puzzled over what to do with her large find. The anchor is believed to have come from the **Appledore House**, a once famous summer resort, built in 1847.

VICTORIA, B.C., CANADA—**Derek Rigby** has invented a torpedo-shaped one-man submarine which he hopes to patent and begin producing. A member of the **Victoria Skin Diver's Club**, he is working on another more streamlined model which will give some 3½ hours use underwater and can be flown like an airplane. If the new model can be patented it may be produced and marketed by **Kingston Sheet Metal** at an approximate price of \$100.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO—Skin divers have found the missing .22 caliber target pistol allegedly used in the shooting and beating of a **Youngstown** drug salesman, **Donald McPhee**.

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON—**Deputy Sheriff Boyd Cole**, a skin diver, located the submerged vehicle that carried a **Spokane** man to his death when it veered off the road into the **Spokane River**. The car was recovered about an hour and half later.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA—Actor **Errol Flynn** who has become an ardent skin diver discovered a sunken wreck near an island off the **Spanish** coast and recovered 32 art objects dating back to ancient **Carthage**.

GLADSTONE, AUSTRALIA—Salvage expert and deep sea diver **Neil Todkill** said attempts to move the **Japanese** ship **Eifuku Maru** off **Wreck Reef** were unsuccessful, as the ship would not budge when he tried to pull her astern.

CANADA—Drawing from a stock of explosives capable of destroying the average city block, seven men of the **Royal Canadian Navy** during the recent months have made an important contribution to the supply of **DEW** line sites in the **Far North**. Working off **Arctic** beaches in sea water often at the 29-degree point the Navy divers frequently had to push ice floats aside to perform their tasks of removing obstacles from the paths of the supply ships.

BROWNSVILLE, AUSTRALIA—Members of the **Sydney** police skin diving group recovered an allegedly stolen machine gun from **Mullet Creek, Brownsdale**. The .5 caliber aircraft machine gun is believed to be one of several firearms stolen from a consignment of 125 tons of weapons sent to **Port Kembla** to be melted down.

FLORIDA—Florida's cave divers have found what they believe to be an ancient **Indian** "butcher shop" 1000 feet inside a water filled cavern which opens from the bottom of a lake 100 feet deep. **Florida State University** students **Garry Salzman** and **Wally Jenkins** found objects identified as mastodon teeth, tusks and rib bones mixed with an assortment of flint arrow heads, bone spear points and bits of charcoal indicating almost certain human occupancy. Most anthropologists question seriously the presence of humans in the **New World** before the extinction of these great beasts. The date when the mastodon became extinct in the **New World** is debatable, but thought to have been at least 10,000 years ago. **Salzman** and **Jenkins** have their own theory. They believe that in the time when the mastodon and man were contemporaries the cavern was dry, that humans hunted the great beasts with spears and then dragged parts of the bodies into a subterranean chamber for eating.

SKIN DIVING COURSES—These courses are being held at the **Flushing** (New York) **YMCA**, **Paterson** (New Jersey) **YMCA**, **Elizabeth** (New Jersey) **YMCA**, **Medford** (Oregon) **YMCA**, and **San Bernardino** (California) **YMCA**, according to recent announcements.

COOS BAY, OREGON—Heavy seas and strong currents prevented a three-man diving crew from examining the wreck of the sunken **Army** dredge **William T. Rossell**. The divers hired by the **U.S. Army Corps of Engineers** are to make a survey of the damages and see if the dredge can be salvaged.

SKIN DIVER—January, 1958

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QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA—Samuel Zechell, working in 40 feet of shark infested water, helped to clear an old wooden pile from the bottom of Mackay Harbour. The 70 foot pile was interfering with dredging operations.

ACAPULCO, MEXICO—The sunken **Rio de la Plata** turned out to be an expense rather than a treasure as her manifest indicated. The ship's cargo included 13,000 tons of copper ingot and with copper selling for \$1000 a ton, the ship lying on the bottom of Acapulco bay sounded like an exciting and profitable venture for salvage diver John True even though the 587 foot liner had already claimed the lives of two divers and scared a third away. But the ship's holds turned out only whiskey, paint, cement, tar and in the number five hold only muck. But True feels he discovered the mystery—the copper was listed on the manifest to cover up the real cargo, mercury. The export of mercury from the U.S. was prohibited during World War II, but the mercury had vaporized when the ship burned as her skipper scuttled her.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA—Skin divers came across a wreck that navigation authorities believe is that of a Dutch trading ship carrying a fortune in gold and silver that struck a reef and sank on April 28, 1656. Records indicate that the find is the **Vergulde Draeck (Gilt Dragon)** which was carrying gold and silver believed to be worth about \$2,800,000 in addition to a general merchandise cargo. The divers, Alan Robinson and Bruce Phillips, have applied to The Hague for a salvage contract. However, the Australian Customs has stated that it has a prior claim on the treasure if it is found.

NEW YORK—A New York fashion columnist has the skin diver in some bright outfitts for the 1958 season. At a sportswear show for the American male, skin diving fashions call for longer elasticized striped skin tight swim trunks and tank top knit shirt. The fish will probably want a close-up and become easy targets!

OAHU, HAWAII—Skin divers offered their aid in the laying of the Hawaiian telephone cable system at Hanauma Bay on the Island of Oahu. The divers helped to clear a trench.

BAHAMAS—Complete skin diving facilities have been installed at the Grand Bahama Club, West End, Grand Bahama, Bahamas, making the underwater sport second only to game fishing on the British resort island.

AUSTRALIA—David Landor and Collin Crouch, members of the New South Wales Underwater Research Group, saved Lithgow City Council a heavy expenditure by completing salvage and temporary repair work on costly trunnion pipes which had sunk 80 feet to the bottom of Farmer's Creek reservoir which supplies half the city with water.

NETHERLANDS—Gusse De Zoete, Tulip Queen of the Netherlands, who is now touring the United States says one of her favorite hobbies is skin diving.

BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA—Brisbane underwater explorer N. McLennan believes he has discovered the wreck of the **Princeza** carrying £50,000 (approximately \$140,000 American dollars) of gold bullion. The two-masted sailing ship of 141 tons sank near the northern tip of South Moreton on March 15, 1863.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—The first Underwater Film Festival under co-sponsorship of the Underwater Photography Society of Southern California and the Los Angeles County Department of Parks and Recreation, Underwater Section, was held last month in the West Hollywood Park auditorium.

SKIN DIVER—January, 1958

FLORIDA KEYS—Wallace E. Tobin of Vineyard Haven, Mass., and Capt. Richard Thompson of the Hyannis excursion boat Amerikana are planning skin diving expeditions every other Sunday for diving enthusiasts in the Keys. The 110 foot ship equipped with four Diesel engines and all modern equipment and navigational aids will probably be based at Marathon during the winter. The Amerikana cruise area will include the keys, Dry Tortugas, Key Sal Bank, the Great Silver Shoal, graveyard of the ancient Spanish plate fleet, and the Bahamas. The deluxe cruise for 20 divers includes everything for twelve days except bathing trunks.

TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA—The Chamber of Commerce honored aquatic people as part of their celebration after being named "Fastest growing city in America". Honored guests included Capt. J. Y. Cousteau, Cmdr. Fane, Scripps Institution of Oceanography, Los Angeles Chapter of American Red Cross, Los Angeles county and city lifeguard departments, Long Beach city lifeguards. Guests visited the new Los Angeles county lifeguard headquarters at Hermosa Beach, Marineland of the Pacific and attended the showing of the "Silent World" to which hundreds of Southern California water enthusiasts including the Aqua Ghosts of Torrance were invited.

BATAVIA, OHIO—Skin divers were called into the search for Alfred G. Stroup who has disappeared after leaving home for a short walk.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK—Sheriff Glasser has formed a Marine Division and an Underwater Division composed of volunteer skin divers to cope with the rise in boating traffic annually.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA—Rescue operations for a car that plunged over the cliff at Devil's Slide were called off by the surging water. Hundreds of spectators flocked to the edge of the sheer cliff and watched the operation 200 feet below of Dr. Albert Trucker, California Highway Patrol called off the search before two other volunteer skin divers, Arnold Scales and Ten Tripp, had a chance to enter the water.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY—New Jersey has become one of the first states in the country to have a law enforcement detachment of frogmen with the development of its State Police recovery unit. The first class was graduated this spring and there are now 40 troopers scattered throughout the state who were trained at the United States Naval Salvage Depot School at Bayonne. They underwent the same course given Navy divers and learned techniques perfected by the Navy. One of the most important reasons for the organization of the frogmen division was the need for recovery of evidence or lost or stolen articles which may have been thrown or dropped into rivers or lakes. Another factor in the decision to train these underwater policemen was the need to locate the bodies of drowned persons, especially in areas where dragging and other methods of recovery are not possible.

NORAH HEAD, AUSTRALIA—The Underwater and Skin Divers Fishermen's Association of New South Wales recently held a third and final heat of the State championships at Norah Head. More than 150 spearfishermen participated in the event. The winning team, Ron Taylor, Norm Smith and Ted Lewis of the St. George Club, will compete at Moonta South Australia representing NSW in the Australian championships to be held December 26 through January 1.

Underwater television is now an established technique for a wide range of applications that extend from ship and aircraft salvage

to marine biology. The first attempts to use television underwater in a mobile role were carried out in the United States shortly after the war. The results achieved were never followed up at the time by operational use. In Britain, however, the Royal Naval Scientific Service was extremely interested and used it in locating a lost submarine in the English Channel in 1951. The biggest test came when the Comet jet airliner broke up over the Mediterranean in January, 1954. The sea there was 400 feet deep. Until then all UTV (underwater television) cameras had been suspended from stationary ships and provided little flexibility. The Comet search brought two important changes. First, an underwater camera equipped with a periscope that could be rotated from the ship above by remote control, and second, a streamlined and lightweight casing that could be towed along at speeds of up to four knots.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA—Two police skin divers are to search Lake Poomah for the bodies of two men believed to have drowned while on a fishing trip. Police and 50 volunteers had previously dragged the lake.

HARVEY'S LAKE, PENNSYLVANIA—The large number of lake smelt seen by skin divers in the deep waters of Harvey's Lake during the summer are coming to the surface with the colder weather.

OKANAGAN LAKE, B.C., CANADA—An underwater rescue operation by T.L.R. "Rusty" LaPage was so fast that the 100 spectators almost missed the action. LaPage was to rescue a dummy from the lake, but the crowd, several hundred yards down the beach, missed most of the action before converging at the beach.

LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA—A skin diving deputy sheriff and a fellow diver had their pockets picked by a "guide" who showed them a good place to dive in La Jolla.

BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA—A group of Brisbane spearfishermen have formed a new club to specialize in training newcomers to the sport. The group, the Sons of Neptune Diving Club, plan to build its own surf skis for fishing at reefs on the south coast.

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK—Eleven "new" settlements dating back to between 3000 and 4000 B.C. have been charted as a result of research carried out by amateur frogmen in Denmark. The divers were taking part in a competition to discover Stone Age relics now submerged by the sea.

GLADSTONE, AUSTRALIA—Captain Don Milline, underwater expert, has discovered a midge submarine on a coral reef in the waters off the eastern coast between Rockhampton and Gladstone.

LISMORE, AUSTRALIA—Gary Hitchcock, John Gilbert and Max Edwards recovered a propeller which may have belonged to one of the early steam trading ships while scuba diving near the mouth of the Richmond River at Ballina. The divers worked for more than two hours to drag the 200 pound propeller to the surface. The trio first thought the propeller was a devil ray and descended to try and spear it, but were forced to retreat by the appearance of a 12 foot shark. On their next descent the "ray" turned out to be a three-bladed brass propeller.

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA—It cost San Jose skin divers Burton Stubbs and James Nystrom fines of \$135 each for taking an overlimit of red abalone. The legal bag and possession limit is five, but the men had 37 when arrested by the warden. None of the shellfish was under 7½ inches in diameter and several measured more than nine inches.

WHERE do you do your diving in Caribbean waters? If you put this question to various east coast skin divers who have traveled south for their sport, the places mentioned may be as numerous as the persons you ask. For the Caribbean is a complex of islands, of differing areas on each of the larger isles, and of lagoons, bays, and reefs.

This diversity of opinions doesn't help the newcomer to choose for himself the best place to enjoy his sport. Yet there will undoubtedly be many skin divers within the next year making a first visit to the Caribbean, as they begin to realize the advantage of a winter vacation break with cold weather or of a summer trip to less crowded coastlines. What locations will they select and on what considerations will they base their choices?

Although this writer already had a favorite lagoon and reef in the West Indies, he decided to widen the scope

of his appreciation of diving possibilities throughout those islands. A rapid, flying swing, encompassing the entire area, seemed to be the best means for making his comparative study and thereby assuring himself that he wasn't overlooking the finest sites for undersea pleasures. He returned from that wonderful, two week study with the following conclusion: While it is futile to try to pick a "best place" for anyone else, it is much easier and more economical than heretofore supposed, for each aqua-fan to make his own grand survey.

Almost every island group of the Major Antilles has to a greater degree what you are looking for, but beyond the basic essentials, each place may have its particularly attractive variations on the theme. The writer has been skin diving along the Mediterranean coast and among the islands of the South Pacific, but the underwater panorama of some of these American neighbors will

match any other. To review the beauties of the nearer, warm waters, let's retrace the itinerary of the giant swing made from Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands through the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Jamaica, Cuba, Florida, and the Bahamas.

Arrival at the ultra-modern airport of San Juan, Puerto Rico, swinging down over the coconut palms, beneath the tropic sun and being treated to iced fruit juice or frozen Diaquiris while waiting for one's baggage, is a refreshing beginning. The ocean-front line of magnificent hotels in that capital has been widely publicized; some skin diving may be done from their beaches around the coral formations, but the combination of trade winds, surf, and sand sometimes spoils visibility. Very close to the hotel center, however, is a boat hostelry for large and small craft to take you along the northern coastal reefs. You must expect the possibility of meeting an occasional larger shark and barracudas in these offshore waters, although there are numerous protected bays, including the beautiful waters off Luquillo Beach, where only smaller species of fish will be met. A day's trip to the southern coast in the Ponce area brings one into good spearfishing territory around reefs lying a mile or so off shore. Here, too, small boats are obtainable with guides. Groupers and snappers are plentiful for the skin diver accustomed to deeper dives.

The side trip to the Virgin Islands is virtually a must, because of the multitude of opportunities awaiting the diver. The Scuba sportsman comes into his own, for a number of "lung" rental businesses and underwater training schools have developed in St. Thomas during recent years. You can count upon having a day's use of Scuba equipment for no more than five dollars. Randy Boyd operates the Virgin Islands Spearfishing School, using the most scientific techniques to instruct divers at all levels of proficiency. Captain Andre Dacharry has a completely equipped, 34 foot cruiser for Scuba, and others, such as Harry Harman and Fred Clerk, Jerry Berne, and Warren

Luquillo Beach near San Juan, Puerto Rico. Pan American World Airways Photo.

Lewis rent boats for the purpose. More experienced divers may be admitted to the biological collecting trip, run by the Institute of Marine Biology. Some say that for luxuriance of underwater flora and fauna, the Virgin Islands are second only to the Great Barrier Reef of Australia. In only an hour of snorkeling the writer could see at close range over thirty species of fish in water so crystal clear that it has facilitated the

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filming of "The Frogmen," "Away All Boats," and "From Ski to Sea." Such skin diving can be enjoyed from the public beaches like Magens Bay and Morning Star, but spearfishing is usually conducted from boats over off-shore reefs.

From Puerto Rico, flying westward to Ciudad Trujillo in the Dominican Republic, one passes over many miles of heavy surf breaking on a coral wall. There are some bays with protecting reefs along this coastline. Such is the one at Boca Chica, an hour by new super highway from the capital city. There at the Hamaca Hotel is a pleasant beach and a fish preserve. One may rent small boats for his use, but outside the white-capped reef the surge is very strong in most weather. The newcomer will find that diving activities are not publicized or greatly encouraged.

Across the towering mountains from Ciudad Trujillo, but on the same rugged island of Hispaniola, lies Port-au-Prince, Haiti, and a different story. Circling over the bay of Gonave before landing, one is immediately impressed by the clarity of the water and the intricacy of the coral reefs just a mile off the city's harbor. The sheltered aspect of this long arm of the ocean, the quiet surface studded with hundreds of fishing boats seems to invite underwater exploration at the earliest opportunity. As a matter of fact, all sorts of skin diving and Scuba gear can be rented in Port-au-Prince sporting goods stores, and small boats, manned by natives, will take the visitor inexpensively to one of the many nearby reefs, teeming with fish. As in the Virgin Islands, those who indulge in underwater photography will find the sea water sufficiently transparent for easy shots. There are many good, vertical cliffs to investigate with Scuba, because the island drops into the ocean precipitously in many places. Again one must be prepared for the occasional visit of a big fish.

Then, a short flight across the Jamaica Straits, over the tiny island of Navassa, claimed but not occupied by the United States, and one can land at either end of Jamaica, Kingston or Montego Bay. The latter probably holds more excitement for the diver, but for that matter, so does every bay on the north coast, which can be reached by good road, in a rented car. The shore line is dotted with hotels and excellent, sand beaches. At Montego Bay, off Doctor's Cove, the writer was snorkeling in ten feet of limpid water, among great coral heads, when he saw a newspaper flattened on the bottom. Swimming down to it, he found that he could read every word of Montego's "Daily Gleaner," including the headline, "Skin Diving Seen as Boost to Tourist Indus-



Neptune's Garden, the Bay of Gonave, Haiti. Featuring the world's most beautiful submarine reefs. This is the same area in which Gustav Dalla Valle maintained his famous spearfishing school and glass bottom boat tour. Photo courtesy Pan American World Airways.

try." The Sea Crabs, a club with headquarters at the Chatham Hotel, will welcome any practised member of the fraternity. They charge a six dollar rental on "lungs" and for five more will take you in a boat to reefs lying at 25, 60 and 75 feet below; take your pick. Elsewhere along the north shore, reefs usually form narrow lagoons protecting the beaches, and small native boats may be hired to take you through the passages into open water.

The great circle now moves northward from Jamaica to the Havana, Cuba, vicinity. It is the same Caribbean, yet the diver will find himself traveling farther from the landing point in order to reach the best beaches. Cuba's skin diving and spearfishing are rapidly being developed, though most of the activity has been centered around Varadero Beach, the great, international hotel resort. Actually, if one had the extra time to take a boat from Varadero southeast along the Archipelago de Sabana, he would find almost unexplored wonders throughout that chain of tropical islands. However, Cu-

ba's coastal waters are not always as clear and warm as are those in the islands already described, because of the large rivers which empty into the ocean near some of the commonly frequented beaches.

Next stop, Miami airport, gateway to the entire Florida, southeast coast and the fascinating submarine world of the Keys. But Florida has been so thoroughly discussed and written about in many other articles and books, that it's better to move on to the remaining island group of the tour. Be assured, nevertheless, that diving equipment of all types may be rented for your Florida stay from such reliable firms as the Diving Corporation of America, The Florida Frogman, and Underwater Sports, Inc.

That leaves the Bahamas to be discussed. Approaching Nassau over Bimini and Andros, one sees that these are sandbars par excellence, with either deep, blue channels running between or broad, shallow flats, spotted by deep holes in the coral base, separating the islands. If you stay in Nassau, the cap-

(Continued on Page 29)

"Bold Journey", TV,
January 13 . . .

Is The Giant Octopus A Sissy?

By BILL BARADA

In spite of water temperature at 45 degrees all year long, Puget Sound has some of the most exciting underwater adventure I have found anywhere. The skin diver's favorite fish is the ling cod, and in Puget Sound they grow so big and are so aggressive that they attack anything, including skin divers. Cabezone are jeered at as "bull cod" and divers disdain spearing them. For sport these fish are sometimes taken with a knife. Flounder are taken by hand, even by beginners, and can be stacked upon a knife like hot cakes. Anemone grow so large and so colorful that entire sections of piers and docks are converted into solid walls of moving life. Some anemone in the Sound reach a length of four feet and measure twelve inches across.

This fantastic underwater fairyland has 17,000 miles of coastline, and most of it is unexplored. It is a graveyard of sunken ships, with thousands of historic wrecks to be discovered and searched. There is no surf in the Sound, so it offers easy access to the most inviting areas. These sheltered waters are apparently free from the menace of killer sharks



Octopus Jet Power is demonstrated by Larry Beals and Mack Thompson with two cooperating captives. The octopus stays at home most of the time, however is speedy with his jet power when on the hunt. Photo by Bud Abbey.

or great barracuda, but they do contain a denizen which, until recently, has been considered one of the most sinister monsters of the sea. The largest octopi in the world are found in the waters of the North West Pacific.

The octopus has always been a creature of mystery, and has fired the imagination of fiction writers. He has appeared as the villain in more treasure diving stories than any other denizen, with the possible exception of the great sharks. His slimy, threatening appearance lends itself to horror tales. Equipped with eight tentacles armed with powerful suction discs, and the ability to slither through the tiniest openings, he is a "natural" to play the part of devil of the deep. His natural instinct is to hide away in deep, dark holes and crevices which makes him a frequent occupant of sunken wrecks. His reputation for viciousness has been enhanced by reports from salvage divers who have refused to work wrecks in the waters of Puget Sound because of the infestation of giant octopi.

The largest octopus ever recorded was captured in commercial fishing nets in Puget Sound, and measured 32 feet across its tentacles. Among these giants, an octopus measuring 10 ft. across is considered a baby. In other areas, such as the South Pacific and the Mediterranean, an octopus measuring 5 feet is a large one.

The water temperature in the North West Pacific retarded introduction of skin diving. Until exposure suits capable of maintaining body heat for long immersions in extremely cold water were perfected, skin diving couldn't even make a beginning in Puget Sound. For this reason, exploration of this area is still in the early stages, and most of the coast is virgin territory. This is also the reason giant octopi are still a mystery and greatly feared by divers in most parts of the world. These monsters are only encountered in the cold waters of the North Pacific, and experience with them is limited to divers in this area. These skin divers have not only learned to dive safely in the neighborhood of giant octopuses, they can actually grapple with them bare

handed and bring them to the surface. At this writing, the largest octopus taken bare handed by a skin diver measured 18 feet across, but a larger one would be tackled without hesitation.

As usual, octopus wrestling was first learned as the result of an accident. Jack Meyers, of the Puget Sound Mudsharks, is nicknamed "Mighty Meyers' the Octopus Killer" because he is the first diver to tackle an octopus by hand. Jack had just purchased a new spear shaft, and his first shot missed the fish and impaled an octopus in its hole. Jack couldn't pull the spear or the octopus free by pulling on the line. He didn't want to lose the new spear shaft, and finally lost his temper instead. In a rage, he grabbed the octopus with his hands and squeezed and pulled until octopus, spear and all came free from the hole. Jack swam to shore with the squirming creature before he could retrieve his spear. Only then did it dawn on him and his companion what he had accomplished. Since then octopus wrestling has become so popular that last year a contest was held between clubs. Formal rules were drawn up for the competition, and divers from Oregon, Canada and Washington participated. Fourteen octopi were landed during the contest, and plans are being made to make this an annual event.

My introduction to octopus wrestling was in the spring of 1956. It was an amazing and exciting experience, and my first with such giants. The Mudsharks had invited me to join them on a charter trip to Blakely Rock. Ted Rothlisburger spotted an octopus in the rocks and called the whole group over to watch the catch. While we hovered motionless over the hole, Ted demonstrated that it is almost impossible to pull an octopus out of his lair without help. He reached into the hole and grabbed the creature and pulled with all his might without success. The octopus stretched like a giant rubber band until it slipped from his grip and snapped back into its den. Ted had no trouble freeing himself as the octopus made no attempt to hold him. Probably it was too surprised and frightened, only thinking of escape from attack.



Movie maker Bill Barada is initiated into the Honorary Mudsharks by Gary Keffler when he eats "fresh" Octopus. Several Northwest diving clubs helped Barada make the film.

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Bill took time out from his filming to join in the fun and landed this "baby" octopus. The largest octopus landed in this region was 32 feet.

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CARIBBEAN RECONNAISSANCE

(Continued from
Page 27)

Author Donner snorkels
in Doctors Cave Beach
area of Montego Bay,
Jamaica.



ital, you will enjoy every type of diving from snorkeling at Paradise Beach to Scuba from one of the completely equipped boats at Brown's basin. Or it is possible to make connections for one of the out islands, such as Eleuthera, Grand Abaco, or Andros. Whichever you choose, water visibility will be guaranteed 90% of the time, and fish will abound over the reefs and inside the potholes of the flats. The Bahamas, just like almost all the other places visited on this Caribbean swing, have the basic elements for ideal, underwater sport.

If you want to make your own general survey of the area, must you be a wealthy individual, with a month or more of leisure at your disposal? Absolutely not! It is actually possible to swim at every one of those tropical paradises in a normal, two weeks vacation, at an overall cost as low as the usual expense account for a trip, say to Maine. Flying is the answer. Airlines stitch the Greater Antilles and sew them close to the North American mainland. This writer traveled on a Pan-American Airlines circle flight—which means first-class

limited, light is weak, and weather is, to say the least, uncertain. Without the wholehearted cooperation of the Puget Sound Mudsharks, the "Y" Divers and Puget Sound Divers Company, I am afraid the octopus would still be a mystery. We had to find clear water, sunshine, an octopus and skin divers all at the same time. In the Pacific Northwest this is quite a combination. The diving clubs teamed up so I had divers almost every day I was in the area. We traveled from Canada to Tacoma, hitting every spot an octopus had been seen. I shot film in sunshine and rain, and in shallow water and down to almost 100 feet, but we got the story.

Most of the footage is in full color, and shows skin divers tangled with giant octopi in almost every position. As a result, the American public will see one more "dangerous denizen of the deep" debunked. The television version of this film will be shown on "Bold Journey" on January 13, 1958. ➤

service—used less than two weeks, and arranged his own schedule throughout. One can leave from any east coast airfield, fly first to Puerto Rico or to Nassau, and spend as long as he likes in any island, providing he returns to his starting point within thirty days.

The cost of such flying? \$212.50. St. Thomas is a side trip for \$16. The author covered about 4400 miles at less than five cents a mile, which is about half the regular rate for first-class travel. The longest hop of six and a half hours was from New York to San Juan, with champagne served to those who savor it. Most legs of the trip were about one hour long and at an altitude which encouraged admiration for the beauties of the islands. The final flight from Nassau to New York seemed a very brief three hours, because the full course, steak dinner took half of that.

The skin diver who makes such a circle survey might well be guided by a few standard procedures. Book your hotel or guest house accommodations through an agent who understands just how much you want to spend on food and lodging. Stay at least two nights wherever you are hiring a boat and Scuba equipment. Travel light, mostly sport clothes, saving your luggage space for purchases in the free port islands.

On the other hand, you'll surely want fins, mask, snorkel, knife, camera, and gloves and perhaps a plastic float or rubber tube weighing about three pounds. Finally, if at all possible, use the buddy system—pair up on the entire trip—for greater safety, greater economy, and much more fun.

Those Caribbean lands and waters are some of the most colorful in the world. If you can afford to visit one, it would be a misfortune not to take the opportunity to extend your horizon to all. ➤

THE COLOR OF UNDERWATER SAFETY

By AL TILLMAN

The time has come to determine the color of Underwater Safety. Skin divers have been painting equipment in a rainbow of colors in an effort to accomplish effects that manufacturers have neglected to consider. The companies' sales psychology, through the use of certain colors, is usually tossed aside as divers recoat with hues that can be seen in murky water, clear water, sand bottoms and rock areas. They attempt, with colors, to attract fish, dispel sharks and hypnotize lobsters. They are continually seeking colors that photograph well, wear well and match club insignias. The time is now appropriate for an intelligent evaluation in the diving field because of the opportunity to observe the extensive work now being done by the California Department of Fish and Game and the National Rifle Association.

HUNTERS SHED RED

Exhaustive tests have been conducted by these agencies in an effort to determine the best color for hunters' safety. The traditional red has fallen before the stunning response to bright golden yellow.

It is estimated that 8% of the country's population is afflicted with a degree of color blindness. The tests that proved out yellow were accomplished with a normal vision team and a color deficiency group running a mock hunting course. All colors including a vivid plaid were displayed on panels that were concealed at intervals along a typical terrain course. This phase of the test was called "Easter Egg Hunt" and the teams walked the course at different times of the day, marking the colors they saw. The percentage of times a color was recognized and the number of colors observed yielded an overwhelming superiority of yellow with orange, green, plaid, red and blue following in turn. The other phases of the test based upon time and preference produced similar results.

The tests were technically supervised by the California Optometric Association and conducted under the latest scientific testing methods. A great deal of time will be spent in the future substantiating the foregoing findings in

different terrains, climates, atmospheres, and with different teams.

SHOULD SKIN DIVERS TURN YELLOW?

There is a strong inclination on the part of skin divers to adapt the successful research work of other fields. The physiology of flying has served as a starting point in diving physiologists' approaches to the study of pressure changes and other phenomena underwater. But it must remain only a beginning as specific rules are established for divers. Divers must analyze their own problems applied in their own environment.

Yellow isn't any new revelation in this field of safety. The United States Navy has coated rescue gear in a bright shade of yellow for many years. It has been a success as to visibility and recognition, that is, on the surface. Traffic controls featuring the color yellow demand instant attention over green or red—notice the next time you approach a signal controlled intersection, which color directs your eye.

There is a strong case here for skin divers to turn yellow in their safety color preference, but, once again let us not forget the *success has been on the surface*.

THE SUCCESS OF YELLOW UNDERWATER

None other than one of the founders of this field of skin diving has outfitted his followers in a shade of bright golden yellow. Professional diving teams in France under the guidance of Captain Cousteau have found this color to be the most suitable for the safe conduct of their salvage and exploration work underwater. The exact basis for its selection is not known at this time.

Yellow has been alternated with several colors by the Los Angeles County Lifeguard Diving Recovery Team. While yellow enjoyed a high place of visibility in clear waters, it was surpassed by white as a superior identification color, especially in murky water. The majority of equipment used by this team is now colored with white paint.

Several primary tests have been conducted by the Los Angeles County Certified Underwater Instructors in their research program and yellow has been

one of the "lost colors." Yellow would at times diffuse with yellow sun rays, yellow kelp, yellow sand, yellow rocks or blend with the many brown tones. The L.A. County Instructors' white jacket is a symbol of Underwater safety, based upon their findings.

A PERSONAL VIEW OF THE PROBLEM

This writer is the type of diver that doesn't care if he's wearing lavender stripes on a chartreuse exposure suit as long as he can get into the water when it's flat and clear, and the inclination exists. However, I have found that in the excitement of underwater discovery problems arise. The buddy system is scattered to the four winds for example. A string of bubbles leads me back to my diving associate in some diving, but, colors are definitely the safety key in the overwhelming majority of diving situations.

I personally feel that the size of the color area and its shape are important considerations. The larger the area the easier to spot, would appear to be a logical conclusion, however, unbroken larger areas have a tendency to blend more readily with a complimentary color of the landscape. As to shape, a man in bold stripes will probably draw superior attention over other non-conformist patterns.

I personally lean toward white as the most significant underwater color. Technically, I understand white is really the absence of all color and in the underwater world of many colors, perhaps, assumes an unnatural role. On your last dive, did you use a dead bleached shell as a natural marker to guide you back to a choice spot—perhaps you did so unconsciously. You just don't find pure white as a natural element of the underwater rainbow.

This is flimsy evidence to support the selection of one color over another. In fact, I can hear the thunder of dissenters welling up from the subscribers at this very moment. The color of underwater safety is an academic question at this point, but, from similar controversies have arisen the safe practices of many fields.

A COLLEGE MAKES A LATE ENTRY

Los Angeles State College is a young educational giant rearing its head of 10,000 students over the prime diving region of Southern California. The official skin diving organization of this institution has undertaken as its small and unofficial part in the geophysical year, the research of color recognition underwater. The club is a network of students and faculty from the physical education, natural sciences, art, and other departments of this ambitious col-

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SUBMARINE STYLE ANGLING

By MARTIN JAMES

Fresh-water skin diving, an activity scoffed at by some, can become lively and even productive if you will combine hook and line angling with your underwater exploring. Many amateur frogmen spend hours at their favorite swimming spots without realizing that this unusual method of taking fish is available. While in no way comparing to the thrill of impaling an ocean giant on a spear, nevertheless it does afford an opportunity to fish. After all, isn't it said, "that Allah does not subtract

lege of applied arts and sciences. The interest, the desire, and the talent are available; the organization and follow-through are in the offing.

The plans at this time are to first compile all existing data on color recognition from diving and allied fields. It is hoped that anyone with any type of information on this subject will contact Color Recognition Underwater Project, Los Angeles State College, 855 N. Vermont, Los Angeles, California.

The data will be verified and applied against the following tests:

1. *Random Recovery* of colored discs varying in size and shape. A set course of direction would be followed by single divers representing normal and color deficiency groups in an alternating fashion.

2. *Peripheral Registration* — Two divers swimming side by side and following a "pilot fish." Each diver would register the detention of his associate (no longer swimming at his side) by dropping a disc to the bottom at the spot of realization. The divers would each be pulling a line that could be controlled from the surface as to length and in order to detain a diver at a desired interval.

3. *Spot Check*—Various items of equipment will be coated with different colors and held up in series to check time and preference. The test areas will be varied from plant life zone, to bare rock, to sand bottom, to open water. Clear and murky water will be utilized.

It is not intended that these tests lead us to conclusive proof that a certain color is preferable to all others nor is this article written to influence anyone in a certain direction. Rather, it is hoped that interest will be stimulated to seek out new information that will help create a safe existence for men underwater. ➤

from the life span allotted man those hours spent fishing." To those not fortunate enough to live near the ocean, fresh water skin diving is the only variety available. Perhaps this variation will make the sport a bit more interesting.

Some varieties of fresh-water fish, like their sea going brethren, are not afraid of man when he approaches them under water. This is especially true of members of the bass and perch families. I have had curious fish brush against me and snatch food from my hand. On occasion small bluegill have nibbled at my skin. Fish that will shy away from an angler on the shore will often approach the same man without fear if he meets them in their own element.

The equipment needed is simple and inexpensive. Forget your suits, lungs, weights and heavy equipment for such cumbersome gear is not necessary. In addition to your swim fins and face plate, (some may wish to use a snorkel) all that is required are a few feet of monofilament line, a hook, and a split shot or two for weight. Worms make an excellent natural bait.

The advantage of underwater angling is your ability to see your quarry before you endeavor to hook him. No need for waiting until a fish happens to come along. Swim around until you locate one you wish to catch. If done slowly and carefully your movements will not frighten your prey. An old snag, a large boulder, or perhaps the overhanging branches of a tree; all are favorite fish haunts. Keep your eye peeled for salvageable tackle lost by less fortunate shore anglers when near such obstructions as well.

After selecting your intended victim, submerge and approach him under water; slowly feeding your baited hook towards him. When diving in running water, you can let the current carry the bait to the fish.

Usually a fish will remain motionless while he eyes the worm and waits for its approach. Quick strikes are the exception and not the rule. Most often the fish will mouth the bait, alternately sucking it in and spitting it out. This is done so gently that little or no pull is felt on the line and you must rely on your ability to see underwater to determine when to set the hook.

Setting the hook must be done with a hard tug and is not as easy as it sounds



Equipment needed for Submarine Style Angling consists of mask, fins, a short stick, a length of monofilament line, small weights, hook and a worm. The simple sporting equipment as shown offers the greatest of pleasure.

as anyone who has tried to move an arm with a rapid jerk underwater will tell you. Since no pole is used for leverage it is difficult to exert enough pull to embed the hook.

Action starts when the fish feels the barb and its frantic efforts to escape often entangle the diver in his own line. About this time too, the diver will run out of breath and must surface. Times like these sometimes make this form of diving a bit hectic.

Check your local angling regulations before beginning to fish and *do not use a spear or a gaff unless such equipment is permitted*. Some states prohibit the mere possession of such instruments within a certain distance of a river or stream.

Whether or not this unique method of angling enables you to fill your limit is often immaterial. In any event it offers an interesting way to spend a few hours diving. Your rewards—tangible or not—will be great if measured in the joys of engaging in outdoor activity. Give it a try if you are a frustrated skin diver who is far from the ocean shores. You may be pleasantly surprised. ➤

SCOTTISH TREASURE GROUP SEEKS ARMADA WRECK

Continued dives by Walter C. Deas of Dundee, Scotland, and his diving companions have failed to turn up any of the valuable gold and silver plate, jewel studded goblets and doubloons that lie hidden in a cove near the Aberdeenshire village of Collieston.

Deas and his companions, members of the Dundee Sub-Aqua Club, are searching for the wreck of the St. Catalina, a galleon of the Spanish Armada.

The St. Catalina was believed wrecked in 1588 with 190 soldiers and 159 sailors aboard. The vessel carried twenty-four cannons, six of which have been recovered in the last century.

One of the cannons from St. Catharine's Dub was presented to Queen Victoria, another is at Haddo House and a third is mounted on fish boxes at the ruins of Slaines Castle.

The site of the search is 100 yards off the coast of Collieston, known as St. Catharine's Dub (pool), named after the galleon.

So far the whereabouts of the 369-year-old wreck has escaped them, as the wooden parts of the St. Catalina have long since disintegrated and the cargo gone into the crevices in the rocky bottom of the cove.

Deas, who has spent many hours pouring over old books, navigational charts, etc., says he knows the galleon was one of the Armada remnants which was chased up the East Coast from the English Channel. She and another gal-



Preparing to enter the water in search of one of the galleons of the Spanish Armada are Ian McHaffie (left) and Walter C. Deas. A third member of the party Roger Bruce assists the pair and takes pictures of the operation.

leon went ashore between Aberdeen and Peterhead, several others floundered in the Shetland areas, and most of the remainder perished on the West Coast.

The Scottish diver describes the water conditions as extremely muddy, barely able to see an arm's length, and cold.

The diving expedition is seeking aid from other organizations to help provide additional equipment for the search. Deas has ordered a mine detector which they hope to adapt for underwater use. The St. Catalina had a copper sheath plus the cannon and plate which should produce echoes on the detector.

Deas has compiled a map of Great Britain with colored pins marking every Spanish ship wrecked around the coast. The club has decided to concentrate on two of the sunken galleons, the St. Catalina and another at Peterhead.

Some day they plan to search the Shetland area where one ship was believed to have 3,000,000 guilders on board when she sank. Several guilders each worth about 2s, have been washed up recently on the beach. ▶▶



In quest of a gold and silver laden galleon wrecked off the coast of Collieston 369 years ago the divers work in murky water. Deas has pinpointed two of the wrecks on the Scottish coast and is determined to find them.



Ron Gray closely examines the bottom area in search of a sight of the wreck. Photo by Walter C. Deas, Leica.



One of the six cannon recovered from the wreck of the St. Catalina is inspected by divers Dave Ross and Bob Stenhouse. The cannon was salvaged around 1870 and is now at the ruins of Slaines Castle about a mile from Collieston.

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AN OPEN LETTER TO ALL SKIN DIVERS:

My Dear Friends:

I'm sure you have been aware of the problems organized Spearfishing has had in Florida, and I'm sure you'll agree it is bad for all.

After attending a meeting of both A.A.U. and F.S.D.A. representatives in Orlando, Florida, I have agreed to take the chairmanship, Florida A.A.U. Spearfishing, and try to unite the spearfishing interests in Florida.

The A.A.U. and F.S.D.A. will work together for mutual benefit. A.A.U. will support the legislative and public relations work of F.S.D.A. and conduct the amateur contests.

The A.A.U. rules have been simplified and clarified, and I will handle 100% of all A.A.U. skin diving business. All decisions will be made in the light of "what is best for the sport."

Contests will start at the local level, work to district level and then State level. Money is in the bank to send our Florida A.A.U. team to Walker Cay, Bahamas, all expenses paid for the Nationals.

Please pass this information along to anyone you may think interested. Most important, write me, tell me your beefs, problems, or just say "hello."

We all want to pull together and get spearfishing organized in Florida for this coming Spring. There will not be a conflict of interest between F.S.D.A./A.A.U. We're going to work together to make Florida a spearfishing state.

Regards,
ED MILLER
Chairman, Fla. AAU Skin Diving
P. O. Box 809
Tallahassee, Fla.

CALIFORNIA COUNCIL OF DIVING CLUBS

By H. J. Lockwood

The Council has a new mailing address: P. O. Box 128, Lynwood, California. You will note that this is the address of the "Skin Diver" Magazine, and the Council is very appreciative of their permission to use this facility, and the opportunity to have a permanent mailing address. All mail will be forwarded to the proper officer for attention.

Activities of the California Council have been limited during the past months, with no major emergencies demanding attention. The Council was represented by President Homer Lockwood at a meeting of the California State Legislature, Assembly Interim Committee. The Legislators wanted to know what laws were needed, if any, to curb the fatalities they have been aware of. Jim Christiansen, gave the Council's opinion that education, not laws was the proper solution. He stressed the fine instruction program developed by the Los Angeles County Dept. of Parks and Recreation in the use of Scuba.

We have a very recent report from the Calif. Department of Fish and Game. They have been receiving complaints from shore fishermen of excessive taking of abalone by skin divers in the Northern Calif. area. One particular complaint is the habit of a few good divers going out and getting limits for themselves, their wives and the club divers who aren't able to get their own.

A report elsewhere in the SKIN DIVER tells of two men who were very heavily fined for taking overlimits. Every sport has its bad apples, and here in California we must be especially vigilant to curb the game hog and most particularly the diver who takes game illegally and sells to local restaurants. California divers have enjoyed very excellent relations with other sportsmen, but a few thoughtless individuals can easily create enough antagonism to instigate legislation as restrictive as is found in Florida which was the direct result of similar actions by greedy people.

One of the best things a skin diver can do is to look up his local rod and reel or fishing club, and attend one of their meetings. A lot of misinformation can be dispelled by a sincere talk about the sport of diving. ■■■

COMPETITION SCHEDULE

The following dates and places have been set up for 1958 by the S.P.A.A.U. Committee. All clubs should set up their schedules to conform with the below dates. It is suggested that other regions make their schedules well in advance to meet the Nationals date.

S.P.A.A.U. Schedule:

Association Eliminations, June 29, Salt Creek area.

Association Finals, July 13, Scotchman's Cove.

Regional (Pacific Coast), July 27, Laguna Beach.

Nationals, August 17, Grand Bahama Club, Bahamas.

Internationals, latter August or early September, Portugal.

Very Important Meeting Scheduled for Southern California

The December 4 meeting of the Competitive Skin Diving Committee of S.P.A.A.U. was highlighted by a report from Homer Lockwood on the California Council's reactions to the proposal that the two organizations merge into one. A joint meeting of the two groups was scheduled for February 12, 7:30 P.M., at the Lynwood Community Center, 3798 Century Blvd. at Bullis Road, Lynwood, Calif. to consider business of mutual interest.

This meeting will affect everyone in Southern California and all divers and clubs are invited to participate. The future of both organizations can be formed at this meeting; be sure to attend.

QUESTION: Not counting fishes and whales, what are some of the large animals which live in the sea?

ANSWER: Several of the invertebrates become very large. A species of the genus *Architeuthis*, one of the giant squids, grows to about 55 feet in length of which 35 feet are tentacles. The giant clam of the tropical Pacific is another large animal which lives in the sea. Some members of the genus *Tridacna* grow to lengths of 4½ feet and weigh over 500 pounds. Most of this weight, incidentally, is concentrated in the massive valves of the shell. Among the jelly-fish, *Cyanea* reaches a diameter of 7 feet and possibly more. This species inhabits the colder waters along both North American coastlines.

— from *Sea Secrets*



Room 904

SKIN DIVER MAGAZINE

NORTHEAST NOTES

By B. W. LUTHER, JR.

Northeast Council of Skin Diving Clubs,
P. O. Box 225, Fairhaven, Mass.



The following list comprises the officers and directors of the Northeast Council of Skin Diving Clubs, Inc., together with their addresses and areas. For further information concerning the Northeast Council contact the director in your area.

OFFICERS

Richard Myers, President
4 Knight St.
Worcester, Mass. Tel. PL 5-5619
Brad Luther, Jr., Secretary
P.O. Box 225
Fairhaven, Mass.
Jack Whelan, Vice President
24 Seabee St.
Bedford, New Hampshire
Leonard Saarinen, Treasurer
61 West St.
Paxton, Mass.

DIRECTORS

Area I, Maine
Joseph Gallant, Jr.
7 Roberts St.
Portland, Maine
Area II, New Hampshire
Jack Whelan
24 Seabee St.
Bedford, New Hampshire
Area III, Northern Massachusetts
George Thompson
c/o YMCA
Lowell, Mass.
Area IV, Northern Boston
Ray Martin
72 School St.
Cambridge, Mass.
Area V, Central Massachusetts
Folke Erickson
Tucker Road
Holden, Mass.
Area VI, Southern Boston
Fred Calhoun
35 Lonsdale St.
Dorchester, Mass.
Area VII, Eastern Massachusetts
Frank Sanger
25 Arthur St.
Beverly, Mass.
Area VIII, Southern Massachusetts
Brad Luther, Jr.
66 N. Summer St., Box 225
Fairhaven, Mass.
Area IX, Rhode Island
Percy Kingsley
42 Clearview Drive
Oaklawn, Rhode Island
Corresponding Secretary
Dr. Fred Keefer
Chase Hill Road
Sterling Junction, Mass.

During the first part of October three members of the Bay State Aqua Club and three friends, made a "dive" to the

wreck of the sunken oil tanker "Chelsea," which went down off Rockport, Mass. The divers were: Danny Tuccero, Tommy Sullivan and Jerry Comeau from the Bay State Aqua Club, and the Clement brothers, Harold, Ronnie and George, independent divers.

Jerry Comeau, secretary of the club, reports, "We found the 'Chelsea' in good shape outside, but inside the pilot house she was pretty well encrusted. Also her roof, and all windows were



Brad Luther

gone. Most of the diving was done around the pilot house which was approximately 45 feet below the surface. At this depth the temperature was 50 degrees F."

The divers were wearing wet suits, and none experienced any discomfort. One interesting fact was noted by the divers. Even though the wreck is resting on a rocky bottom, and has been a "game preserve" for spearfishermen in the past, fish of any significant size were absent.

The group returned to the surface with a few souvenirs which will be displayed at the club's booth during the New England Sportsmen's & Boat Show to be held February 1st through the 9th, at the Mechanics Building in Boston.

Jerry remarked, "All in all, we had a very enjoyable trip, and strongly recommend it for any divers looking for excitement."

Detective Donald C. Wright, of the East Providence Police Department, recently used his skin diving skills in cooperation with his work as a police officer. Detective Wright conducted an underwater search in the Providence River to locate articles involved in a murder case. Visibility was zero during the night search, even though powerful search lights were provided by the Fire

Department. The object of the search was a pair of eye glasses which proved to be an important clue in the case. The glasses and other articles were found by Detective Wright amidst scattered junk on the muddy bottom.

The Northeast Council is planning a tremendous tournament program for the 1958 season. At the directors meeting plans are being formulated to present to the January session of the club delegates. Not too much of the proposed agenda may be disclosed at this time, but I am sure that the 1958 season will see activities and tournaments second to none. The officers of the Northeast Council wish to extend to clubs and individuals in the Northeast area their sincerest best wishes for a Joyous and Prosperous New Year.

The New England Divers, probably one of the oldest and most widely publicized clubs in the Northeast Area, is constantly rendering valuable service in the skin diving field. This club formed in 1953, now comprised of nine divers, has as its president and founder, one of New England's best known divers, James Cahill. Jim, 31, was an outstanding athlete in high school and in college. Serving in World War II and the Korean conflict as a frogman with an Underwater Demolition team, code name "Amphibious Rogers," Jim was discharged in 1954 with a rank of Lieutenant, Senior grade. Transferred from Korea to the Virgin Islands, to participate in the filming of the motion picture "Frogmen," Jim recalls that it was like going from "Hell to Heaven." Still retained by Jim is one of the underwater movie cameras used in the filming.

On May 18, 1957, a Coast Guard rescue plane dropped into Salem Harbor, killing two of the crew men. Members of the New England Divers recovered the bodies which Jim estimates were the 29th and 30th they have recovered from ocean and inland waterways. One of the most outstanding recoveries was the winter night diving, under ice, to recover a boy's body in the Charles River. With flashlights overhead as beacons, Jim located the body in a hole where it had become snagged. Engaged by the Massachusetts State and local police for many occasions, the assistance given the District Attorney's office in the search for the murder weapon involved in the Melvin Clark case, placed Jim and the group in excellent standing with the authorities.

Partial roster of the New England Divers include Leo Spielberg, Andy Konvulchuck, and Frank Sanger. Sanger minus an arm and a leg is as accomplished in underwater feats as the rest of the club. "He can swim like a fish . . . keep up with anyone. He can work with me any time," Cahill says of Sanger with pride. ➤

AROUND the SOUND

By PETER PUGET

The Peter Puget column is compiled each month by representatives of the Pacific Northwest Council. Material for the column should be forwarded to Puget Sound Divers Co., 2520 Westlake Ave., No., Seattle directly or through any local dealer or club.

There has been a good deal of activity in recent weeks in the Sound area diving circles, as much social as actual diving. We hear tell that the Seattle Y Divers had a real successful Bingo Party last month, raising a neat sum to supplement the club budget. They also had a club outing at Tacoma and had great fun exploring the remains of a vessel that gave up the ghost just last month . . . if you have the same idea forget it . . . seems there's at least one ghost left lurkin' round with a "John Law" badge attached to him . . . his job . . . tum de tum da . . . Fish net . . . to keep all suspicious fish, mermaids and divers from disturbing the scene of the crime.

The Nor West Divers of Seattle have had a really active agenda, and a truly varied diet this past month. A trip to Hoods Canal supplied them with enough oysters for a fry on the beach. The San Juans for rabbit hunting plus three family size Ling (35 pounds). A jaunt to Waterman passage where a limit of scallops were taken. Lou Nelson and Bob Lind found a couple grandaddy scallops tipping the scales at 8-9 pounds. Gee . . . this begins to read like a progressive dinner . . . however these are all separate trips. After all that food, for exercise they found a nice quiet little bay full of Mudsharks (no relation to the Puget Sound Mudsharks) and speared them from the boat. They took one 6½ footer that way.

For Halloween the club had a "Masked Dance" which was reportedly a huge success. At the present time members are working for a fathometer, and as a side interest they are developing recipes for sea cucumber . . . the fellows report they are really quite tasty . . . I'm sure you are all anxious to hear more about this . . . now, aren't you?

There have been warnings of red tide in Northern Washington waters recently

. . . this is very much out of season . . . but don't take any chances . . . leave the mussels alone until we get an all clear. They say that the poison that appears in the mussels after eating the red plankton is similar to strychnine.

The Washington State Council of Diving Clubs has elected Sam Meln, as president and Louie Whittaker as Secretary. The council is now meeting every month and are busy setting up plans for the benefit of diving in this state . . . if your club isn't registered with the Council you'll miss a lot . . . so check with your Sec. and make sure that your group is represented . . . if not personally . . . by mail . . . if you don't you are a louse . . .

We were personally pleased to see Sam elected as President of the Council. Sam is one of the "old salts" up here . . . (no pun intended, Sam) . . . and can always be depended on for giving the right answers as far as this sport is concerned. He has been actively engaged in all of the footwork in the past few years, leading up to the formation of the Council, and we can feel assured that all problems brought before the Council will receive proper and fair consideration, backed up by a good deal of experience in the field. It is our hope that each and every one of you guys and gals will make a special effort to stand behind this Council and give Sam and the rest . . . some REAL support. This is not a paid adv.

We have been informed that the report that we had in about X . . . X . . . taking a 36 pound Ling in the race for the Annual "Mudshark" trophy was not correct. He did take the fish, however he neglected (on purpose) to inform us that it was taken with scuba which is not legal. Therefore X . . . X . . . who probably did it to see his name in print again, is not in running for the club trophy with that fish at least. How do you like those apples, X . . . X . . . ?

The Puget Sound Mudsharks have instigated something new in the club known as "The Royal Order of the Mudsharks" . . . this select group of which there are at present no members have set up some pretty tough qualifications for themselves . . . one must be able to dive 60 ft . . . no scuba of course . . . take an octopus by hand . . . spear a fish over 35 pounds . . . Spear two fish on one dive . . . Take two legal size crab on one dive . . . Go thru Devils Hole and back in one dive . . . Feed entire club . . . If you can do the first six items the last is sure to stop you.

The Mudsharks had a Bingo party in November at the Meln home. Beverly Meln had done a bang up job of decorating that gave everyone the feeling that they were floating in a fish

bowl . . . what fun . . . there was even a castle to swim through . . . The Blanchards took home a large percentage of the Bingo prizes . . . and Dick Klein . . . the one rubber glove that he bid highest for in the blind auction. Every one had a good time and are looking forward to the dance that's coming up.

Am I to understand that the Pile-Divers, Bellingham Seals, Tacoma Scuba-neers, Kelp Keepers, Inland Divers, Northwest Underwater Research Group, Kelp Kats and you other clubs are hibernating for the winter???? Let's hear from you . . . if you are still awake. ➤

VOLUME VI

SKIN DIVER Magazine

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SKIN DIVER Magazine
Lynwood, California

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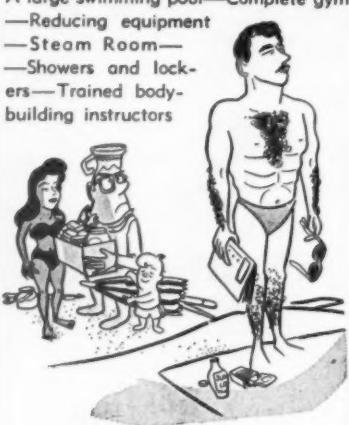
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CLUB NEWS

Pages 36-41

The Official Roster of Skin Diving Clubs is being maintained by Skin Diver Magazine and will again be published in the magazine in a future issue. Club Secretaries are invited to send the name and address of all new clubs as well as any change of address for existing clubs. Skin Diver Magazine will furnish a sample Constitution for beginning clubs on request.

Shreveport, Louisiana . . .

ARK-LA-TEX DIVERS

By Bill Steen

Since our last club report diving has been almost nil. Heavy rains have muddied the water to such an extent that where we once had thirty feet of visibility we consider ourselves lucky if we have six feet of visibility. These poor water conditions have necessitated the postponement of our Gar Rodeo. When we find we are able to set another date for the Gar Rodeo we will notify all interested clubs as to the date.

A team of three divers from our club hunted three days for the body of a local man who drowned while fishing. The hunt was unsuccessful, but valuable prestige with local fishermen was gained for skin divers. One of the unusual events of this dive was that a great deal of the diving was done at night with generator-powered searchlights. Water visibility was one foot and water temperature was near sixty degrees F. Anyone interested in joining our club may contact us at the Shreveport YWCA every Thursday night from 7:30 to 9:00. ➤

Pawtucket, Rhode Island . . .

RHODE ISLAND UNDERWATER SPEARFISHING CLUB

By Albert W. Pipes

Diving is coming to an end in this area for the year, however, a few of the members are still going out lung diving.

We held our annual banquet November 2. Our secretary, Edna Blackington, was voted "The Most Valuable Club Member" of the year. ➤

Strange But True

UNDERSEA ESCAPE

(From SPEARFISHING SPOTLIGHT)

Pearl diving in 12 fathoms of water off Onslow, Western Australia, I saw through my face-glass what appeared to be weed waving in the drift.

In reality it was a giant groper disturbed from his chosen cavern and in aggressive mood. As I stopped to pick up a pair of shells his impact sent me sprawling. I was caught by the helmet, shaken violently, then suddenly released.

On the other end of the lifeline the violent and spasmodic jerking told the men on the tender that something was amiss. They soon pulled me up, and I told my story, with teethmarks on the brass helmet as proof.

We concluded that the side-valve must have released air bubbles into the monster's mouth, inducing him to break his grip.—R. W. Penna.

Allentown, Penna. . . .

KEystone AQUA-VENTURERS, INC."

By L. Paul Goodin

The Aqua-Venturers have made important strides towards becoming a diving group of professional type organization and training. We were granted our Charter of incorporation by the State of Pennsylvania during the latter part of October, and we have been fortunate in a friendly association with the Telford Diving Unit, of Telford, Penna.

The Telford Unit is a professional "hard hat" diving group well known in this area for their recovering of victims of drowning and also salvage work. We hope to trade knowledge with the Telford Unit so as to afford both groups a well rounded knowledge of all phases of diving.

We expect our weekly ocean trips to continue into the winter months under the direction of Walter Fusshoefer, and our able Captain Jack Hunsicker of the "Goodie II." ➤

Absecon, N. J. . . .

SOUTH JERSEY DIVERS

By E. L. Herbert

This group has been active in wreck diving for the past year and has visited several of the more famous wrecks in the Atlantic City area for the purpose of spearfishing and taking pictures.

We have offered our services to the local police and rescue squads and on one occasion did assist in recovering an automobile and the body of the driver that went off a bridge in Absecon. We have been called out on numerous occasions to recover lost valuables that have gone overboard.

Although visibility and diving conditions are seldom good in this area we dive every chance we get, and usually manage to get most of the club together on week ends or some night through the week for training in a pool.

Anyone interested in joining our club please contact Edgar Herbert at 234 Huron Avenue, Absecon, N. J. Phone Pleasantville 2621-J. ➤

Pasadena, California . . .

MUIRMEN

By Dick Jappe

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we are able to announce that we took a new member into our club. He is Del Wren, formerly of the Long Beach Douglas Tridents and the Kingfishers Clubs. As most of you probably already know, Del has been one of the outstanding divers on the Pacific Coast for several years. We feel that Del will add a lot of strength to our club and our competitive diving team. The 1958 competitions should be bigger and better than ever and we are looking forward to these meets with new enthusiasm.

We would like to offer our congratulations to the Long Beach Neptunes for their clean sweep of the meets in the U.S.A. and also for the fine showings they made in Europe. ➤

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SKIN DIV

New York, New York . . .
SEA JESTERS

By Felix Rivera, Jr.

As the diving season finally closes to the East Coast divers, our club members think back to their pleasant diving experiences and "the one that got away."

The club has had a fairly successful diving season, with several large sized Blackfish made vulnerable to our spears.

The club had their annual election of club officers, who are busy planning a diving expedition to Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, for the purpose of spearing fish, and getting underwater still and motion pictures of marine life and divers in action.

We have been invited by several Public Schools, Community Centers and Youth Organizations to teach boys the fundamentals of skin diving, using mask, fins and snorkel. This will be of great help to us to promote the sport and make our club better known. ➤

Boise, Idaho . . .

HELL DIVERS II

By John Arrington

Our Club was started in January of 1957 under the sponsorship of the Boise Y.M.C.A. We have eleven members and a mascot. Four of the members are inactive while attending college or working for Uncle Sam. The average age of the members is about eighteen.

For a long while the only supply of air was from the Boise City Fire Department, and then we could only get it in case of an emergency. Needless to say this limited the number of club outings and we didn't have too much fun underwater. But in September we obtained permission to use the very large compressor at the local Air National Guard Base. We have gone on many diving trips since September and morale is excellent.

All correspondence should be addressed to Alan Scherer, 1309 Shoshone Street, Boise, Idaho. ➤



Kelp Klipper Bill Burger (left) while visiting Canada and Al Hook and Derrick Rigby got a crack at the large ling cod there. Fish in the photo weigh 60, 17 and 35 pounds.

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Sacramento, California . . .

KELP KLIPPERS

By Bill Burger

This is our first report to "Skin Diver." Our club came into existence about five months ago and since that time we have had several beach outings and had a fair record of public service. We have participated in two body recoveries, one a mile out to sea from a helicopter, and recovered six stolen pay telephones from Folsom Lake.

If any out-of-town divers are in our area and in need of buddies, we'll fix them up if they will call me at ED 2-2840. ➤

San Rafael, California . . .

MARIN SKIN DIVERS, INC.

By Al Hart

Well, the season ended in a bang with George Tsegeletos taking honors at the joint Bay Area Contest at Pedro Point, just south of San Francisco.

Our annual banquet was held at Rickey's Ranchero on November 22nd with largest fish trophy (free diving) going to Art Bradford, largest fish (with lung) going to Bud Arely, largest Abalone trophy, Dick Hyland and three trophies for the participants of the Central California Diving Meet at Carmel, Art Bradford, George Tsegeletos and Stephen Hart. Diver of the Year went to Al Hart. Photography trophies to Ray Widmar and Al Hart.

If any of the readers of this article are at all interested in diving, Marine Biology, Underwater Photography, spearfishing or Abalone hunting, then just be at the Junior Museum the first Monday of each month at about 8:00 P.M. For more info stop in at the San Rafael Sporting Goods Store on Fourth Street, San Rafael, California. ➤

Detroit, Michigan . . .

NEPTUNES' PROWLERS

By Larry Nathan

We have been in existence for about two years and have 30 active members. We meet every third Wednesday at the Y.M.C.A. at 8:00 p.m.

The past season we have had dives, meetings, and have put on demonstrations including one with U.D.T.s at the Michigan State Fair. Now we are planning to go under ice.

Our club has built many articles for diving, the latest being Sea Sleds.

For information about the club contact Larry Nathan, 7304 Thatcher, Detroit 21, Mich. ➤

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Lynwood, California

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HALIFAX FREE DIVERS

By Donald Chiassos

Since winter is setting in, diving in this area has slowed down considerably. Our most recent trip was to Duncan's Cove, near Halifax, to catch live fish for the local museum. The Cluster Busters, a custom car club, provided us with transportation to and from the cove. The water there, although rough, was a warm 56°.

Several divers immediately entered the water and started looking for fish. On that day, the fish just didn't seem to be where the divers were looking. An extra suit was brought along, so one of the Cluster Busters was put in the water. He enjoyed himself so much that he is planning on joining the diving club. We caught very few fish, to the disappointment of the museum. Despite this setback, the trip was a great deal of fun. ▶

Santa Rosa, California . . .

SONOMA COUNTY REEF RUNNERS

By Al Hart

At last Sonoma County has a strong, working diving club. The main purposes of the club at first will be training, followed by the building up of friendly relationships between coastal property owners and skin divers. Not enough consideration has been given to the owner's point of view, with regard to picking up trash, his live stock, and his fences and buildings.

During the late Fall the waters in and around the Fort Ross, Salt Point area have been terrific, lots of abu and many big Ling Cods have been taken. Anyone interested in hooking up to a great bunch of divers, just drop around to the Franklin Park Club House in Santa Rosa, (on Franklin Ave.) at 8:00 P.M. the second Wednesday of each month. For more information stop in at the Sporthaus, 727 Fourth Street, Santa Rose, California, or call LI. 5-1381. ▶

Roswell, New Mexico . . .

NEW MEXICO DESERT DIVERS

By Jack A. Locke

For the months of October and November our club has been more or less restricted to very few dives, due to colds and flu. We are in the process of raising another boat from 50 feet of ice cold, very clear water at the Bottomless Lakes State Park. We also are in the process of forming a search and recovery squad.

During the last part of October a few of the old members made a night dive into Lea Lake, during which they reported seeing very weird things.

To close this report, I want to ask any club who has a search and recovery team to write me. I would like to hear about how you train members, and about anything that pertains to a squad. Send your letters to New Mexico Desert Divers, Jack Locke, 1610 North Pontiac, Roswell, New Mexico. ▶

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SKIN DIV

Colombo, Ceylon . . .
REEFCOMBERS OF CEYLON

By Rodney Jonklaas

Much water has flowed under our fins and many fishes have fallen to our spears since we last published a report in "Skin Diver", but we are now determined to submit reports in order to let our fellow-members the World over know that we exist and are flourishing in these tropic seas.

Our Club has suffered from internal strife for almost a year now, but this is all over, and once more as "Reefcombers of Ceylon", our legally established and recognized name we are an organized and well-knit body.

The scope of our Club has now been extended to all forms of activity above and underwater and particularly to include lovers of underwater life, underwater photographers and naturalists. At the same time we retain our high and unique standards in spearfishing with a special section of members who are termed "diving spearfishing members".

We are proud to include in our ranks, as Honorary Members, Mike Wilson, Arthur Clarke, Vane' Ivanovic, Gennaro Acetta of Brazil, and Gerd von Dincklage-Schulenberg formerly champion of Ceylon now in Australia.

We look forward to the coming season when we expect not only our good friend Mike Wilson back from a Lecture Tour of Underwater Ceylon in the states, but also Vane' Ivanovic in February on his way to Japan, and Dr. Hans Hass who is to explore the Maldives from his yacht the "Xarifa" starting in December, and using Ceylon as a base. ■

Lexington, Kentucky . . .
"MERMEN OF KENTUCKY"

By Estill Lyons

It was a cold winter day when I was asked to help recover a \$40,000.00 coal barge from the Kentucky River. The pilot was towing two coal barges, each 40' wide and 135' long, and each loaded with 600 tons of coal. While endeavoring to make a sharp turn the boat failed to respond to the controls. The lead barge hit the bank, and a hole was knocked in its side causing it to sink.

Bill Bryant Jr. offered to help in the salvage operation. We dived and proceeded to patch up the holes. We removed the hatches and installed new ones that had hose pipes running thru them. The coal was dipped out with a crane.

Two days of diving and we finished our underwater work. Three large pumps were started. The compartments were supposed to be pumped out and replaced by air, which would float the barge to the top. Since we were unable to examine the bottom of the barge, we could not determine if holes had been punched in it, due to the barge settling to the bottom which was covered with large rocks.

Seven hours later the barge came up, and was towed to dry dock for extensive repairs. This has been our largest salvage job. We certainly gained new experiences, knowledge and MONEY. Our success has resulted in our being called for several other jobs in the COLD, COLD WATER. ■

Bremerton, Washington . . .
OLYMPIC LANCERS

By Bob Williams

We have formed a club in the Bremerton and Kitsap County area of Washington. The club, Olympic Lancers, will meet on the first and third Fridays of each month at 7:30 p.m. at the Bykes and Hobbies Shop.

One of the main interests of the 15 charter members is spearfishing. We plan to add underwater photography to our club's activities and compile charts of the Puget Sound area with information pertaining to the bottom conditions and types of fish found in the Sound. ■

Miami, Florida . . .**REEF DIVERS**

By Bob Phifer

Twelve members went to South Cat Cay in the Bahamas the week end of October 5 & 6 and came back with plenty of fish and a desire to go again, soon. Our president, Frank Kershaw shot the largest, a 70 lb Jewfish with yours truly lagging in second with a 45 pounder. The only disappointing thing about the trip was that after taking all of our camera equipment we never took the first picture, we were too busy getting fish. We are planning another outing soon and this time we hope to get some pictures.

We are now planning an outing with some of the other clubs in our area so as to get to know more of our fellow divers. We are also trying to set it up so that out of town divers can contact us. ■

Atlanta, Georgia . . .**ATLANTA SKIN DIVING CLUB**

By John Liles

The Atlanta Skin Diving Club held its semi-annual election of officers at its regular meeting Tuesday night at the Downtown YMCA. The new officers elected are to begin terms on January 1.

The Atlanta Skin Diving Club, sponsored by the Atlanta YMCA and a member of the Georgia State Skin Divers Association and A.A.U., is known as one of the most progressive and active Skin Diving Clubs in the United States. Its current membership is about 55 members, both men and women. These members include professional men as well as teenage boys and girls since the sport of skin diving appeals to all ages and people from all walks of life. ■

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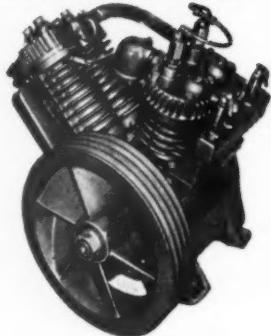
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Members of the Lincoln Sharks during part of their training session.



Dearborn, Michigan . . .

LINCOLN SHARKS

By Toula Liacakes

We would like to introduce ourselves. The name is the Lincoln Sharks Diving Club of Detroit, Michigan. Membership in the "Sharks" totals 20 active people. The Club was organized in the latter part of July, and our first dive was held at White Lake. The Dolphin Diving Club was on hand to give our beginning divers instructions on the proper use of equipment and safety rules. We'd like to express our thanks to the Dolphins for their help. Subsequent dives were held at Island Lake, Elizabeth Lake, and Bishop Lake.

Meetings are held once a week at the Kronk Community Center in Detroit. Movies are shown and lectures given stressing safety. The pool is available for our use after the meetings and everyone is busy either passing tests or giving instructions to new divers.

Two trophies for the "Diver of the Year" one for men and one for women, were awarded to Mary Beckman and Wallace Brubaker by the Lincoln Division of the Ford Motor Company, for their outstanding contributions to the Sharks. ■

Oahu, Hawaiian Islands . . .

KORAL KREEPERS of HAWAII

By Albert F. Janicki, Jr.

We have been diving around the island of Oahu for almost a year now and reading how much good the clubs of other places in the world have been working out, we decided to start one too and follow the trend. We all agree that a club makes each person more safety wise and also creates competition among the members of our club and other clubs in the area too. We strongly recommend that other skin divers follow us and form more clubs throughout the world. We would like to hear from other clubs and our address is Koral Kreepers, c/o FAW-2 Navy #14, c/o FPO San Francisco, California. ■

Dundee, Scotland

DUNDEE SUB-AQUA CLUB

By Walter C. Deas

Diving has slowed down now that the weather has turned cool. On a recent weekend David Dye, Alec Black and I traveled some thirty miles to salvage a tractor which had been backed into a water filled quarry. The water was filthy, it was a dump for potatoes. Also tires and other odds and ends were floating on the surface. David tore his suit and my suit was punctured all over both legs by barbed wire.

We were lucky, the tractor lay on a shelf in approximately twelve feet of water. Tackle was attached and fitted to winches. The tractor which weighed three tons broke the heavy chain on the first attempt. We finally got it up and considered it a job well done because of the terrible conditions. It was also a boost for skin divers, as the owner of the tractor is head of the East Coast Salmon Fisheries.

We would like to send our best wishes to Roger Bruce who has fully recovered from his accident. ■

Phoenix, Arizona . . .

ARIZONA CACTUS DIVERS

By Toni Popovit

This is the first report of the Arizona Cactus Divers since reorganization from the old (Arizona) Desert Dolphins. We are affiliated with Civil Defense and are on call with the law enforcement agencies for emergencies.

We are currently setting up our winter training program and in the process are still rehashing some of last summer's diving experiences.

Bob Pozar, our youngest qualified Scuba diver (age 15), exuberantly tells of his vacation experience at Ely Lake, Minnesota, wherein he and two other divers were instrumental in the raising of a small aircraft which had crashed and sunk.

We are also waiting for Bill Van Zandt to show us movies of his escapades in Guaymas, Mexico. (Diving, we hope!). We hear they are quite good.

Diving at present, at the lakes in the Phoenix area is at a minimum. The lakes are being drained to repair one of the dams. However, the repairs will be completed soon and we are looking forward to a renewed schedule of diving this winter. ■

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Sub-Aqua Job Opportunities

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MIDWESTERN DIVERS

In our diving company we have found it to a great advantage to use skin diving equipment for short, shallow, and fast dives. We often get calls all over the Midwestern area. They mostly consist of light salvage work, such as outboard motors, etc. We would like to contact any skin divers in this area who are in good physical condition, have their own equipment and have had some prior experience in light salvage work. We often have to turn down jobs because they would require too much traveling expense to make the job profitable, whereas, if there is a good skin diver in the area he could perform the task with a reasonable amount of profit. Midwestern Divers Underwater Salvage and Construction, 726 Franklin Street, Wausau, Wisconsin.

Portland, Oregon . . .

THE FATHOMS CLUB

By Jerry Hiersche

The Fathoms Club is unique in this area in that it is comprised of experienced lung divers only. Membership is small, however, we boast many outstanding accomplishments. Listed among these are:

The World Underwater Endurance Record of 34 hours, 30 seconds, Jerry Hiersche.

The biggest ling cod ever speared, to our knowledge, in the Northwest area, a 66½ pounder, Gary Rubottom.

A bass of sufficient size, taken by Buzz Stauning, to capture the first-place trophy presented by a local sporting goods store.

Our members' interests range from photography, movie and still, to spearfishing and the invention of new equipment. Latest developments include a high-powered lighting unit, a self-contained aquatic metal detector, and a fabulous new idea in sea sleds.

Most members agree, however, that the greatest pastime for divers is that of "octopus-rasslin". In the last several months, the Fathoms have subdued bare-handed over thirty of these ink-squirting opponents, ranging from a ten to a thirteen foot spread. We are proud to say that we have never punctured the skin of one of these "noble Beasts".

Spokane, Washington . . .

SPOKANE SKIN DIVERS CLUB

By John Blake

A club dive was held at Deer Lake recently with club members Jerry Bundy, Dale Gill, Dale Pratt, Jim Smith and myself trying to keep warm in the 40° water. Our main problem was keeping our hands warm. The turbulence of the water caused the visibility to drop to twelve feet. Large schools of large mouth and small mouth bass were spotted.

Dale Pratt, an ardent underwater photographer, has now completed splicing and finishing a short underwater color film on our fresh water lakes. ■

Asbury Park, N. J. . .

UNDERWATER FISHERMEN OF NEW JERSEY

By B. Bruno

The water temperature during the summer was from sixty to seventy degrees. The visibility from one to thirty feet. Some of our members to get stripers were, Sam Watson, Cal Smith, Mal Ker, Don Nelson, Stan Metzoff, George Simon, and Cal's boy "Skip". Mal Ker was able to get a sixty pound striped during the summer. He hit the striped in the spine up towards the head or it would have towed him out to sea. George Simon was able to get an eighty pound "Drum" fish. Mal and Don also got some large Drum's weighing in at seventy-five and seventy-eight pounds. Sam Watson bagged a large Black fish which weighed slightly over thirteen pounds. Mike Ward got his share of the stripers in the thirty pound class.

George Craig has been using the new "Airmatic" gun which John Salas is putting on the market, and George has had his share of the stripers.

John Zac is still making the best detachable heads which this writer has ever seen. They are both strong and have good penetrating power.

Sam Watson was the first to change to the power head on his "Arb" and since, several other members have done the same.

Our club as well as all the clubs in New Jersey cooperated with the Coast Guard during the summer by staying out of the inlets, mainly Shark river and Manasquan. Many of our members filled out the cards given to us by the State to enable the State Fisheries and Conservation Dept. to determine the fish count in New Jersey. ■

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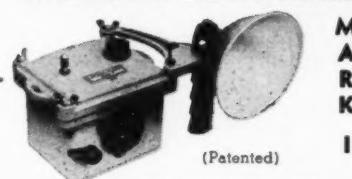
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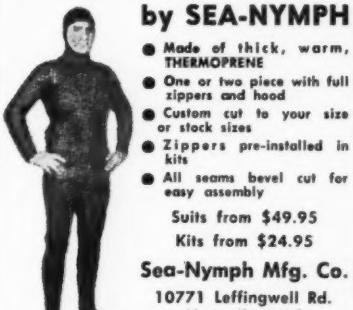
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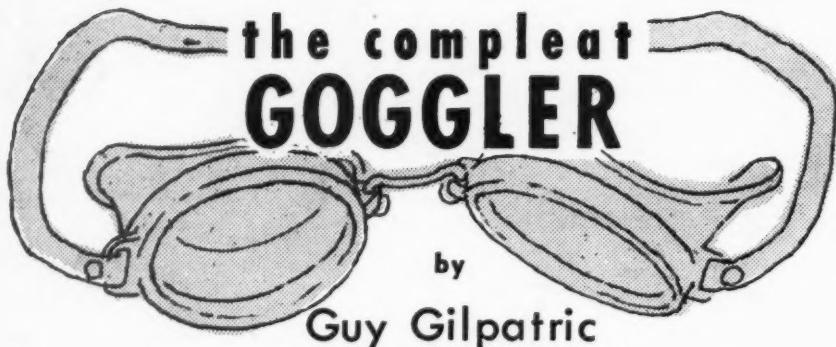
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